

JANUARY 16, 1943

Periodical

# AMERICA

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## COLLECTIVE BARGAINING TESTED IN THE KAISER CASE

Bernard H. Fitzpatrick

## COFFEE COOPERATIVES ON KILIMANJARO

Marjorie E. McCaffrey

## CATHOLICS APPRAISE NATION'S MAGAZINES

John F. Daniels

## POST-WAR WORKERS

John LaFarge

## VIRGINIA EUGENISTS

John E. Coogan, S. J.



### THE POETS:

JOHN MAHER  
MURPHY

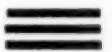
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## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXVIII

15 CENTS

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(Mary Kiely, Editorial Secretary, Pro Parvulis Book Club.)

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# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 16, 1943

## WHO'S WHO

BERNARD H. FITZPATRICK is a New York lawyer who has had wide experience in labor litigation. In this discussion of the A.F. of L.-C.I.O. battle over the Kaiser Shipyards, he probes beneath the legal aspects of the case to the philosophical questions involved. . . . MARJORIE McCAFFREY's study of the economic potentialities of the Negro has covered a good deal of ground—literally. From Africa, where she was born, she imports an example of Negro co-operatives that may serve as a sign-post for progress in America, where she is now living. (When a group of Negroes can fire an Englishman, that is news.) . . . J. E. COOGAN, S.J., as a teacher of sociology for ten years, is well qualified to examine the dangers inherent in sterilization laws. Father Coogan has contributed to *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, the *Review for Religious* and *Queen's Work*. . . . JOHN F. DANIELS presents the results of a recent survey of our large-circulation magazines, made by the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, to see how much poison is fed the public in the popular literary diet. Mr. Daniels is a teacher in the New York City school system. . . . JOHN LAFARGE, as an aftermath of the Holy Father's recent Christmas message, queries how the Pope himself would answer some questions posed by some of the New Year's orators. . . . CYRIL CLEMENS, President of the International Mark Twain Society, has recently published a biography of his cousin, *Young Sam Clemens*. . . . THE POETS: John Maher Murphy and Tom Boggs are from New York; Louis J. Sanker from Norwood, Ohio; Sister M. Thérèse from Milwaukee; Murray Paddack from Cincinnati, and Henry Rago from Chicago.

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# COMMENT

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IN their "unofficial White Paper," *When War Came*, Davis and Lindley relate that William Phillips, United States Ambassador to Italy, saw Mussolini for the last time on June 8, 1940. When the Ambassador spoke of America's potential might, the Duce "smiled condescendingly." Almost five years before that date, according to the official quasi-"White Paper," now published by the State Department under the title: *Peace and War*, Secretary Hull had told Ambassador Rosso in Washington that "it was deplorable to see Italy moving forward" with the Ethiopian war, which "threatened to create terrific problems and conditions so far-reaching that the imagination could not grasp their possibilities." The coming year will leave few smiles upon the Duce's rugged visage; the terrific possibilities have already been realized. The documents published in this record of the "Fateful Decade, 1931-1941" have unveiled the lineaments of a progressive picture which few in this country would believe. Yet during those years it was being painted, stroke by stroke, by unvaryingly consistent reports of our American diplomatic representatives in Germany, Italy and Japan. One noteworthy element in this picture is the revelation that the United States Government, because it *completely* knew just what was occurring, chose the most successfully anti-Axis course by non-intervention in Spain, contrary to its most vociferous critics from the Left; while the same intimate knowledge of Nazi psychosis and Japanese inflexibility strengthened Secretary Hull to endure abuse from his Congressional opponents. It is natural enough that these documents have caused "rage" in Berlin and elsewhere in Axis lands. They will give courage here, and provide an excellent background for Congressional discussions in 1943.

— — —

WRITING in his column, "Thinking It Over," in the *Wall Street Journal* for December 28, Thomas F. Woodlock, veteran Catholic publicist and author of *The Catholic Pattern*, records some impressions he recently derived on Russia from conversation with a well known editor and educator, the greater part of whose life had been spent in Russia, with abundant opportunities for contact with all parts of that land and all classes of its people, visiting Russia as late as 1939. Some of the points noted by Mr. Woodlock's informant were:

The Communist ideology has left the great mass of the Russian people untouched. Trotsky had given it its last chance. There is no evidence that Stalin is much more interested in Communist *ideology* than he is in any other *ideology*. The Marxian 'economy' as distinct from Marxian ideology . . . has had a curious development in Russia. At first imposed with cynical and naked brutality costing millions of lives, it struck root and promptly developed a new 'variety'

which should interest both economists and sociologists. A 'mutation' would be a better name for it than 'variety.' The result is a system which 'works' and suits the Stalin plan very well. The coming of the dreaded enemy has evoked a passionate national unity in the whole people. 'For the first time in Russia's history, the *nation* is beginning to control the *State*.'

This does not prevent the Moscow wire working a-plenty to agitate Communist groups outside of Russia. But the present recipe must leave a strange taste in the mouth of those Party members who have continued to hail Soviet Russia as the genuine home of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

— — —

EVERY now and then a large industrial concern calls for a superintendent who can make that troublesome entity, organized labor, behave. Perhaps it is natural that some concerns would fear a Catholic might have too clear an idea of social justice quite to fill the bill. Nevertheless it is interesting that the *Boston Traveler*, for December 12, 1942, carried an advertisement from the Thompson & Lichtner Company, Inc., a Boston firm, to the effect that a client of theirs was looking for a production superintendent: "Protestant. Experienced in superintending production with faculty for organizing and firmly managing men and handling organized labor." Wondering how this would square with the President's Executive Order 8802 against racial and religious discrimination on defense contracts, William E. Kerrish, a respected Catholic layman, wrote a very polite letter to the Thompson & Lichtner Company asking them to "be so good as to let me know just what the reason is" for such a religious qualification in an industrial position. Mr. Kerrish made plain that he inquired not in a spirit of controversy but merely as "a matter of enlightenment and information upon a subject of deep interest" to an American citizen and a Catholic layman. No answer was received to this courteous letter. Probably none will be received. But for our own sakes we should like to know just how such a concern believes it is serving the nation.

— — —

WHEN a great genius happens to be the son of Negro slave parents, he is bound to attract attention. Preconceived notions are uncomfortably upset, and horizons widened for the youth of his own race. Dr. George Washington Carver, noted Negro scientist, who died at the age of seventy-eight, on January 5, at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, was just such a genius; but so extraordinary that he needed no contrasts of race or origin to set in relief his achievements in the field of creative chemistry. AMERICA, for July 4, 1942, saluted Dr. Carver for his incredible transformations of ordinary plant



products, such as peanuts and sweet potatoes, into innumerable industrial materials. "But the man himself," said AMERICA, "is greater than his works." Dr. Carver attributed all his skill to the help of God. He rose daily at four, it is said, to walk in the woods and commune with the Creator, asking for inspiration. He forgot his own personal interests in zeal that others might profit, even giving his life savings to found chemical research. He was publicly honored by Southern Catholic educators, and expressed his deep appreciation of such honor. George Washington Carver surely is a candidate for one very lasting niche in our country's Hall of Fame.

SOME day—and it may be just too late a day—many honest but thoughtless people may understand that spreading rumors of impending race conflicts is one very good way to lay a fuse for the conflicts themselves. Perhaps the Axis forces start these reports. It would be to their interest to do so; it would play into their hands to see them blossom into bloody action. Human foolishness is one explanation, plus the desire of scheming persons to trouble the waters so they may do a little fishing in them. But another explanation is the simple fact of the war itself. This is a total war. The vast masses of Negro youth, like the vast masses of white youth, are being forced suddenly into wholly new situations; swung across continents to fight battles for and against ideas and techniques, quite as much as with their hands. The cute little stories about the "Eleanor Clubs," the less cute little tales about the proposed outbreaks and plans for riots, none of these can be tracked down to real proofs. Complaints about the "handfuls of agitators" of either variety—soapbox or red galluses—are an easy alibi for creating more alarms. But the real fact is that the war and its implications have piled up a question of human dignity and human rights that cannot be answered by over-night revolutions; nor can it be answered by stubborn, vicious clinging to ancient prejudices. It can be answered only by the justice and charity of Christ; and the time to give that answer is now, before the black boys and the white boys come marching home.

FROM a large Mid-Western college town, a young man who is soon to be inducted reports that morals among his acquaintances there are getting loose. Parties are wilder, drinking heavier . . . "for tomorrow we die" is the philosophy. Contrast this with an excerpt from a Marine, a graduate of Boston College, to his parents. Writing from Guadalcanal, he says:

Now if the unforeseen should happen, I want you both to take it as an honor, not as a tragedy, because we can't live forever, and there is no better way to go than in defense of our God, our country and our loved ones. I've been to Confession and Communion regularly and am in good shape to meet the Commanding General up above. That's all that matters now no matter what happens.

And Colonel William C. Cleary, commander of the

Army Chaplain's School at Harvard, states that the conflict is becoming for many of the soldiers "a spiritual crusade." Which of the two spirits must win, if we are to win? From cynicism and disillusionment, now and later, O Lord, deliver us.

THE Caudine Forks was the Roman name for the place; but to the Samnites it was a cleft stick, and they had the Romans well caught in it, in 321 B.C. Overwhelmed by their success, the Samnite High Command sent a message to some elder statesman, whose name at the moment escapes us, saying that they had captured the whole Roman Army, and what should they do about it. Back came the answer: "Let them all go." The military men did not quite like this idea; so they sent another message, asking for an alternative plan. The alternative plan came promptly: "Kill them all." Not even the war correspondents could fathom this enigma; and the very commentators were mute. It was decided that the elder statesman should be invited to visit the front in person and explain his double-talk. He came in an oxcart, being an elder, and also an obese statesman. His explanation was worthy of his years and experience. If the Samnites wished to live in peace with the Romans, they would either have to destroy them completely, or else show such moderation and generosity in victory as to lay the foundations of lasting friendship. The worst thing they could do would be to impose a humiliating peace, which would lead only to a new war. The Samnites would not descend to barbarity; but neither could they rise to wisdom. They did just what they had been advised not to do, and imposed a humiliating peace. The sequel was another war. Statesmen of 1943, when you have the Axis in the Caudine Forks, please take note.

WHILE the Allied High Command, on the many fronts of the war, is deeply concerned with its air umbrella, the WPB at home turns its eye on the prosaic structure of silk and steel which shields the masculine headgear and enables the fair sex to keep its powder dry. The male sex, indeed, will feel but little concern over the WPB's restrictions; but as the ladies contemplate the prospect of having only two styles to choose from, they must feel indeed that this is War. Men, on the whole, are not great users of umbrellas. They prefer to put their trust in hat and overcoat, rather than face the stormy streets with so unpredictable a companion. The mariners of old who threaded a parlous path between Scylla and Charybdis had no tales to tell comparable to his who has steered an umbrella across a city square in a high wind. The mastery of the umbrella, which but a few men learn, and that with blood, sweat and tears, is an instinct born with women. Watch one of them handling a pocketbook, two packages and an umbrella, while leading a Scotty on a leash, and you have a study in coordination that would make a Washington bureaucrat weep with envy. Thus does the glory of the world pass by.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, the White House announces, has recently signed the bill providing tax exemption for non-profit, philanthropic, educational and religious institutions in the District of Columbia. Almost simultaneously, the Supreme Court delivered a telling blow at the forces which would have invaded the tax-immunity of such institutions, by concluding five years of litigation between the International Reform Federation and the District Compensation Commission. The Commission cited the Federation before a District Court for non-payment of the Unemployment Compensation Tax. The Court enjoined the Federation to pay—a decision which the Court of Appeals reversed. The Compensation Commission thereupon carried the case to the Supreme Court, asking for a writ of certiorari which would empower the Commission to plead the case before that tribunal. The Supreme Court declined to issue the writ, thereby affirming and protecting the immunity from taxation which the International Reform Federation enjoys. We may well hope that this will be a precedent for local tribunals and a testimony to the fact that tax-exempt institutes, with possible exceptions, earn their right to tax exemption by valuable, albeit intangible, contributions to the common good.

DURING four days of the Christmas vacations the Catholic Collegiate Congress brought together some four hundred Catholic students in convention at Cincinnati. The meeting represented the National Catholic Youth Council. This council speaks in the name of American Catholic youth and brings their force to bear on the problems of the day. In sectional panels and in general session they debated the overall theme of "Victory in War and in Peace." It was inspiring to hear the clean-cut views of our mature students and to note their definite understanding of the past and present place of the Church in world society. Typical of their resolutions was the sage view that "study without action is futile, but action without previous study is foolhardy." They gave wholehearted support to the war effort of the nation. They voted to spread within the sphere of their influence "recognition of and respect for every man's natural rights," "to assist students in prison camps," "to study the Papal Peace program," "to participate fully in parish activities." The Congress channeled the power of Catholic education toward a definite winning of the war and of the peace.

OXFORD University has acknowledged Cardinal Hinsley's gallant fight for those very ideals which the University was founded to protect and disseminate. The ancient University has conferred on the prelate an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

PENTECOSTAL unity, against the significant background of the Holy Land, marked the observance of Christmas in Palestine. Jerusalem, Bethlehem and other sacred spots were thronged, and the crowds included hundreds of American soldiers. The Most Reverend Luigi Barlassina, Patriarch of

Jerusalem, officiated at Vespers in the Basilica, and Bishop Gawlina of the Polish Army pontificated at Solemn Mass. Among the worshipers were the Queen Mother of Egypt and the two princesses, as well as many Polish and American comrades in arms.

FROM Berne, in a dispatch of K.A.P., the Polish Catholic Press Agency, comes another report of Italian unrest. Soldiers in Albania are wearing scapulars with an image of the Blessed Virgin and the inscription: "Holy Mother, have pity on Italy and save her from this iniquitous war. Deliver Italy from her tyrants." Relatives and friends in Italy are sending these scapulars to the soldiers.

UNDER the presidency of Cardinal Copello, Archbishop of Buenos Aires and Primate of Argentina, the seven Archbishops and fifteen Bishops of that country recently met and issued a Pastoral. It roundly denounces the liberalism which corrupts the true idea of liberty and makes of it an avenue to anarchy, Socialism and Communism, which endeavor to undermine the moral and dogmatic foundations of Christianity, and totalitarianism in all its forms and variations. Because of the savage propaganda war going on all over the world, and especially in South America, *El Pueblo*, the Catholic daily of Buenos Aires, warns its readers that unscrupulous men have already abstracted passages from the Pastoral which, deprived of their context, have been twisted to mean something which the Bishops never intended.

STRANGE apostle of "absolute tolerance" towards all religious groups is Alfred Rosenberg, former Nazi Supervisor of Ideological Education, author of the anti-religious *Myths of the Twentieth Century*, recognized philosopher of Nazism and, at present, Minister of Occupied Eastern Territories. Yet a London dispatch from *Religious News Service* declares that in a recent lecture on "death and immortality" Rosenberg said: "National Socialism teaches absolute tolerance towards all religious groups, as far as their activities are not directed against the German moral feeling or against the existence of the German Reich." These are odd words from the man who had tried to condense all existing religions into one amorphous national church.

STRONG affirmation of the principle of brotherhood as the bond of democracy and liberty comes from President Roosevelt. The National Conference of Christians and Jews is sponsoring a "Brotherhood Week," February 19-29, a project which the President enthusiastically acclaimed. In his letter of approval, he declared:

We are fighting for the right of men to live together as members of one family rather than as masters and slaves. We are fighting that the spirit of brotherhood which we prize in this country may be practised here and by free men everywhere.

Dr. Clinchy, President of the Conference, hailed the letter as a testament of freedom to the peoples of the enemy and occupied countries.



## THE NATION AT WAR

THE New Year opens with comparative quiet on the main battle-fronts. Russia has issued an explanation of her recent campaigns in the south. Those in the mid-Don area, and south of Stalingrad, were intended to drive back German forces which were close to the Axis troops surrounded in and about Stalingrad. This has been accomplished, and the Russian offensive is consequently slowing down and may soon cease. According to the Russians, they incidentally captured over 65,000 prisoners, about 2,500 guns, and great quantities of other matériel. The Germans have announced that these claims are "fantastic," but have given out few figures of their own. The Russians are making some progress towards reducing the size of the area held by the Axis around Stalingrad, by daily small advances, here and there. In the north, Russia claims the capture of Velikiye Luki, a German fortified region, and an important railroad town. This the Germans deny. Even if the Russians have not taken all of Velikiye Luki, they have made an important gain.

In North Africa, Marshal Rommel's Axis army in Tripolitania is not withdrawing as fast as heretofore. It may stop, and fight the pursuing British near where they now are, a hundred miles or so east from the city of Tripoli. There is no reliable information as to how strong a force Rommel has. It has been reported that he has recently received strong reinforcements. There are also reports that Axis reinforcements, and some of Rommel's troops besides, all went to Tunisia, which would explain why we are having difficulty in advancing there.

In Tunisia, the Axis artillery caused so many casualties to our troops on a hill which had been captured on the night of Christmas Eve, that the hill was voluntarily given up. This illustrates a change in tactics which has occurred since the summer of 1941. At that date, emphasis was being laid on "streamlining" troop units. Now the smallest body of troops, which has all kinds of weapons needed to fight a battle by itself, is a division. Prior to streamlining, our divisions had around 25,000 men; after streamlining, only about half this number. Foreign divisions run also between 10,000 and 15,000 men. The reduction was made by cutting down the artillery and, in the infantry, substituting machine weapons for individual riflemen. The war in Russia has shown that more artillery was required, as it was artillery fire which inflicted roughly eighty per cent of casualties. Within ten miles of its guns, artillery will more accurately deliver shells on a target, and causes more destruction among personnel, than bombs dropped from the air. The Axis in Tunisia has considerable artillery, and this is now being felt.

The campaign in north New Guinea is proceeding with savage, fierce fighting, in an effort to drive the Japs out of a very small strip of coast they still hold there. The Japs are making what appears to be an utterly hopeless resistance, but this forces us to expend many lives and much time.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

WHILE marking time to see how Congress is going to jump after the President's speech, it might be fruitful to make a list of the successes and failures of the past year, as they look in Washington, at the beginning of the new Congressional session.

*Successes.* Foremost is the conversion of industry to war purposes in record time. The principal feature of this success was the application of mass-production to tanks and airplanes. Close to this was the simultaneous building of ships instead of the old successive system by which each ship was laboriously built on the ways from the keel up. Next to conversion of existing plants, comes the developing of new plants, in aluminum, steel, munitions, airplanes, radio.

Another success was the almost miraculous conversion of the old Army into a modern streamlined weapon of war, fully capable of meeting new conditions. We do not know what has been done in the Navy, but hints here and there indicate that the progress afloat has not been behind that on land.

*Failures.* The outstanding failure has been in the proper informing of the people on events in the war zones and, on the home front, in explaining to us the needs and the processes of the various necessary restrictive measures that have had to be taken. Next to this comes the failure in manpower, which was, at bottom, the failure to realize that full utilization of human resources is as important as that of material products; in fact, even more important. Too many conflicting agencies and too much timidity complicated the original error.

Close to these failures lie those in food and fuel for the civilian population. Moreover, it is hard to find out where the error lay. The best guess is that, in a land overflowing with supplies in both these commodities, no forethought on methods of distribution accompanied the original plans for overseas armies and Lend-Lease. In particular, the planning for the African push was not synchronized with the domestic situation.

*Fifty-fifty.* Control of inflation was part-failure, part-success, the principal danger still lying in farm products. Labor relations also were a part-failure. While labor itself was compiling a magnificent record, as was management, their relations were bedeviled by politicians on both sides of the fence, aided and abetted by divers journalists of tendentious turn. Foreign relations would have been a fair success, if it had not been for the unforeseen complications among the French.

Just how Congress is going to take this spotted record, and what it will do about it, is anybody's guess. At present, bewilderment seems to be the uppermost emotion in both Houses. The Democratic party is showing all the usual signs of senile decay that follows long tenure of power, while the Republicans are suffering from a severe case of Willkie-itis. That redoubtable fighter has certainly cleared out a lot of poison from his Party, but just enough is left to keep it from being a clear-headed opposition in Congress or country.

WILFRID PARSONS



# KAISER SHIPYARD CASE TESTS COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

BERNARD H. FITZPATRICK

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HENRY J. KAISER, or his corporations, owned three shipyards. In two of these yards he had a small working force, only a fraction of the thousands he expected to employ when the yards would come into full production. In the third yard he had no employees at all but, naturally, he intended to people this third yard with employees. While things were in this condition in the three yards, he entered into closed-shop contracts with the A.F. of L.

As the yards began to go into production and the working force to expand, so the C.I.O. contends, some seven hundred employees of C.I.O. persuasion were discharged for failing to join the A.F. of L. unions. The C.I.O. lodged a charge with the National Labor Relations Board that the Kaiser Yards were violating the Wagner Act in discharging C.I.O. men. That Act, slightly edited, provides:

It shall be an unfair labor practice for an employer . . . by discrimination in regard to hiring or tenure of employment to encourage or discourage membership in any labor organization. *Provided* that nothing in this Act . . . shall preclude an employer from making an agreement with a (bona fide) labor organization to require as a condition of employment membership therein, if such labor organization is the representative of the (majority of) employees in the appropriate collective bargaining unit covered by such agreement when made.

The N.L.R.B. investigated the charge and found that, *prima facie*, it made out a case of unfair labor practice, whereupon it issued its complaint against Mr. Kaiser's corporations.

The controversy ensuing upon the issuance of the complaint has been front-page news. Mr. Green (William) fulminates at Mr. Murray and the Board; Murray returns bolt for bolt at Green and Kaiser, and thereby journalists are made happy.

Not so happy, however, is the lot of him who tries to analyze the situation to discover what principles may be involved. Leaving to those directly concerned the job of fitting the facts into the weasel words of the law, let us look at the patterns behind the law and behind the opposing forces.

The American Federation of Labor is an old organization. Through the years between its foundation and the enactment of the Wagner Act, it necessarily acquired a body of customs, usages and habits of thought dealing with the mode of organizing men into labor unions. One of its chief modes of organizing consisted of the use of economic force against an employer to compel him to hire and to retain in his employ only union men. The crowning securities of this method were the closed-shop con-

tract prohibiting the hiring of any but union men, and the "union-shop" or universal "maintenance of membership" contract. Much of the strength of the A.F. of L. was drawn from the building trades, wherein practice of hiring day labor (as distinguished from a more or less permanent working force) made it absolutely necessary, and still makes it absolutely necessary, to retain not merely union-shop contracts but full closed-shop contracts. The success of unions in the day-labor field depends directly on the rigidity and extent of the monopoly which they are able to attain in a particular area or trade. It is practically impossible to obtain a monopoly of employments by organizing employees in this field: therefore the unions organize employments by organizing employers under closed-shop contracts. Take away the closed shop and the whole structure falls.

In this scheme of things there is, of course, precious little room for the exercise by employees of a free choice in the matter of organization. So far as the particular union is concerned, he may do only one thing—join. Freedom of choice involves alternatives—but no alternative is afforded him. Upon his failure to join, sanctions follow immediately. This we shall call the principle of force.

The characteristic of this principle of force, then, is that the employer, either to avoid some economic sanction from an outside union—such as picketing, or the boycotting of his products, or the stoppage of his transportation or to obtain some economic advantage such as favorable contract terms or the avoidance of a rival union—forces his employees, regardless of their majority preference, into a union of the employer's designation. Care should be taken to distinguish this situation from those cases in which a union which is the choice of a majority of the employees seeks to compel a minority of the employees to become members.

The use of the term "principle of force" does not necessarily connote condemnation. The principle of force was cradled long before the principle of choice was conceived. It was in its early days the safest and, most often, the only principle upon which an organizational effort could be grounded. In the day-labor field, where jobs are fleeting things, it is still the only principle upon which an organizational effort can be grounded. The principle of force operated in an economic anarchy until the enactment of the Wagner Act. When anarchy reigns, who will condemn the vigilante?

In 1935, the Wagner Act was placed upon our statute books. This Act placed upon a firm and broad footing a principle first made law in the Railway Labor Act of 1926—the principle of choice.

The Wagner Act was passed with the full approval of the A.F. of L., which welcomed the principle of choice as an addition to the principle of force which had previously stocked its organizational arsenal. Certain safeguards of the principle of force were, so the A.F. of L. thought, present in the Wagner Act. The closed shop was preserved, the "coercion from any source" amendment was beaten (quite properly so in the form in which it was proposed) and the idea of trade jurisdiction, one of the outcroppings of the principle of force, was preserved in the provision for craft units. Mr. Green hailed the Act as the Magna Carta of labor.

For the two years between 1935 and 1937, the Wagner Act lay practically dormant. The A.F. of L. then was alone upon the stage, and so deeply engraved in its leadership was the old principle of force that the new principle of choice left their imaginations unstirred. Then the C.I.O. came upon the scene and preached far and wide the principle of choice, while the A.F. of L. continued to rely on its principle of force. The result was that the C.I.O. membership zoomed while A.F. of L. membership remained static. In sheer self-defense the A.F. of L. then had to embrace the principle of choice and, when it did, its membership curve also shot up.

It is too shallow an explanation of the phenomenon of a quadrupling of union membership in five years to say that the Wagner Act brought about the phenomenon by removing employer-pressure against organization. Some part of the increase no doubt resulted from this feature of the law, but the explanation is a great deal more profound. The chief reason, I think, for the astonishing increase, was that the principle of choice had struck something very close to the core of man's rational nature—the Divinely implanted urge to control one's own destiny, the right to be "captain of my soul."

The C.I.O. nurtured the principle of choice and reaped a rich harvest. It is more devoted to the principle of choice than the A.F. of L. although, opportunistically, it resorts to the principle of force. The A.F. of L., on the other hand, is still chiefly devoted to the principle of force because the day-labor unions, to which the Wagner Act has been more of a hindrance than a help, predominate in its councils. The day-labor unions must maintain the principle of force or they will die.

As has been said, the A.F. of L. welcomed the principle of choice as an addition to its principle of force. But you cannot add the principle of choice to the principle of force, because they are repugnant principles. You may put laws on paper which purport to do that; you may even be successful for a time in projecting those laws into human action. Sooner or later the logic of events, which marches relentlessly forward through the illogical actions of individuals, will bring the repugnant principles into conflict, and the better principle will prevail.

That is what is now happening in the Kaiser Shipyards case. The principle of force represented

by the closed-shop contract, backed by the economic power of Mr. Kaiser, is clashing with the principle of choice represented by the will of the majority, which is claimed by Mr. Murray to lie in his favor.

Which will prevail in the Kaiser case is not too important, and we need not examine the matter. The recent agreement between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., providing for the arbitration of such disputes, will receive a severe test if the Kaiser case is submitted to it. No matter what rule of decision the arbitrator adopts, there will be much room for controversy. The really important question is: "Which principle will prevail in the long run?"

What should be done toward handling such situations in the future? An answer can be given which requires an amount of explanation and justification not possible in this limited space. It is largely left to the reader, therefore, to test for himself the soundness of the following suggestions.

1. In order not to destroy organization in the day-labor field, exclude this field from the operation of the principle of choice.
2. In the remaining industries, where there is a relatively permanent working force, give full scope to the principle of choice and eliminate the principle of force by:
  - a) Permitting no contract with an uncertified union to survive beyond a certification by the Board of a majority bargaining agent.
  - b) Permitting no contract with an uncertified union to bar an election and certification of a majority bargaining agent.
  - c) Permitting, where there is no certified union, an employer to contract with a union for hiring of union men only.

Such an arrangement would provide adequate security for unions, notably those engaged in the building trades, to which the union shop and the closed shop are essential conditions of organization, by removing the threat to their contracts implicit in the limitation put upon shop-closure by the quoted portion of the Wagner Act. Since, in industries of this type, the maintenance of the wage-scale is almost the only reason for the existence of the union (impermanence of tenure prevents seniority, job-security, grievances and like issues from assuming importance) no substantial damage is done to employees by not preserving to them a choice of unions. On the other hand, the arrangement would permit the employees a choice in those industries where choice is of great importance to them—the industries which customarily employ men on a long-term basis. In this field, seniority, job-security, grievance-handling and like matters, added to the wage-scale issue, make a choice among unions all important to the employee. The employer would be relieved of embarrassing dilemmas such as now confront the Kaiser Shipyards. There is little danger to the financial interests of the employer, for the common area wage-rates followed by day-labor unions cannot be greatly raised through the substitution of a new union, since they are prevailing wages.

Best of all, a simple and rational rule would be substituted for the only solution now possible if either union be wilful—industrial strife.



# CO-OPERATORS CULTIVATE COFFEE ON KILIMANJARO

MARJORIE E. McCaffrey

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THE African plains and thorn thickets flank the mighty base of Mount Kilimanjaro. Rain forests climb 4,000 feet up its sides. Above them stretch glaciers, crevasses and ice fields, sloping upward to the great white cone of Kilimanjaro itself.

The very enormity of this volcanic over-boiling, with its terrifying grandeur, outweighs in the traveler's mind all else that he sees—the buck in the rain-forest preserves, the pugs of leopards fresh in the soft earth, or trees uprooted and vegetation trampled by angry elephants. Still less, when he beholds that magnificent peak, is the traveler likely to remark the maize fields and the small beehive huts, each sitting in the shade of its own banana grove, which surround the live green belt of coffee clinging to its lower slopes.

Why should he remark this coffee belt? How is it in any way special? There are coffee shambas elsewhere in Africa—in fact, on most of the upper reaches of the African highlands.

But the coffee grown on Kilimanjaro is remarkable because it represents a singularly successful co-operative venture undertaken by natives of the Chaga tribe. The origin of the co-op plan and its success are rooted in the policy of the British Colonial Government for Tanganyika, which scrupulously adheres to the plan of holding the land in trust for the native. The aim of this policy is that the country shall be developed *as far as possible by the native himself, and not any faster than the native can develop it as the natural result of his own development.*

Thus, although there is tutelage and supervision on the part of the white man, the native is completely protected against exploitation and the rape of his homeland. This humane and intelligent handling of a country—one potentially worth untold millions in the hands of shrewd investors and enterprisers—naturally causes loud lamentation. White settlers complain that the Government coddles the native while it leaves the European to starve. They do not see themselves as interlopers in the country of the black man.

The scheme nets no really large profit to anyone, for the Government requires only that the colony be self-supporting; and the native's actual return per head is very small, although adequate for his wants. But, as the means of bringing a primitive people into direct contact with a highly complicated civilization, this policy is a dignified and moral solution. It avoids the sad and sordid

history that has always accompanied these interchanges.

The population of the Chaga tribe on the slopes of Kilimanjaro is about 156,000 persons, averaging 450 to the square mile in the coffee belt. The indirect rule of the British supports the hereditary chieftain of each section, and there are twenty-one native chiefs in all, who carry on the natural tribal life of the people. In this population, there are nearly 25,000 independent native coffee planters. The Kilimanjaro Native Co-operative Union employs an Englishman, ostensibly as secretary of the organization. Actually, however, he markets their coffee for the members of the union. If they do not approve of his arrangements for the sale of their coffee, he must obey their orders. They hire and fire him as their paid employee!

Out of the proceeds of the sale of the coffee, the natives finance their own co-operative stores. And, since there are about 46,000 taxpayers among the Chagas paying a poll-tax of twelve shillings a year, the Government makes them a sizable rebate out of their tax money. This provides funds for roads, built by the Chagas themselves, and for hospitals and schools.

It is important, I think, to correct any impression that this successful co-operative is a *natural* outgrowth of the habits of this primitive society. I can find no record of organized co-operative experiments which were not carried out by highly intelligent and trained peoples. It is true that some agricultural peoples conducted their societies on what would be termed a communal basis, but this was a tribal form of mutual protection, rather than a deliberate attempt of thousands to attain economic well-being.

No one guards his personal property with more ferocity than a primitive or savage man. The Chagas were a war-like people. The ice crevasses and fissures of the mountain slopes cut off whole villages from their neighbors, with the result that generations of chiefs and tribesmen carried on feuds of unremembered origin. There was nothing in their inheritance that would cause one to feel too hopeful for the outcome of the K.N.C.U., when it was begun in 1920.

It is true that the Chagas had been skilled craftsmen before they became organized coffee-planters. For a long time they made the long, slender spears used by the Masai, the warriors of the plain. But this natural dexterity in craftsmanship was virtual-



ly useless without organization. This energetic and progressive people so profited by the application of intelligent and diligent effort, that in 1938 the Chagas marketed twenty-five per cent of the coffee exported from the east coast of Africa.

Most of the Chagas' coffee is cultivated by individual natives on plots of one to one-and-a-half acres. Their pooled efforts resulted in a total crop valued at 58,425 pounds sterling in the year 1938. In addition to his share in the coffee co-op, each Chaga has his own banana plantation, a planting of maize, and a few head of cattle. The record of their progress is most encouraging, for the co-op is erecting its own butcher-shops, and has just installed village milling machinery. In these matters, of course, the Chaga has learned from the white man. But in the essential knowledge of successful coffee-growing on the steeply sloping sides of Killimanjaro, the Chaga has learned from no one. He has shifted for himself.

Julian Huxley notes that when the first white men arrived in the region, almost a hundred years ago, they were impressed with the cleverly built irrigation system that extended down the sides of the mountain. The water is conducted from the melting snow in the ice fields by a system of terraces. For thousands of feet it descends in ditches skilfully banked to maintain an even soaking of moisture for the crops, and without erosion. In this way the cattle are also supplied with water from the peak.

Sometimes the life-giving trickle will stop, and then there is immediate action. The Chagas carefully trace the stream back to the source of the trouble. It may be a fall of earth which has blocked the irrigation ditch but, more often, an elephant has torn up the ground and gouged a great break that fouled the system. The repairs are made, and the industrious community proceeds with its work with little interruption.

Owing to the success of this regional project, there has grown up an indigenous political viewpoint among the Chagas. There is what is known as "mountain politics," and its workings are complex. The younger Chagas are growing impatient of their tribal leaders. From year to year they demand younger and more "modern" leaders, leaders with a more radical policy toward the Government. The situation has been skilfully fanned by the Indian population of Tanganyika. Indian lawyers will blow upon any embers, so as to kindle fires which the British will have to put out. For them, it is simply another means of annoying the British Government and keeping the eternal Indian question on the boil in Parliament.

This is hardly other than short-sightedness and ingratitude in an otherwise admirable tribe. Since 1920, when Great Britain took over the mandate of the Territory of Tanganyika, she has legislated entirely in the interests of the natives, protecting them from Europeans who viewed them only as a source of cheap native labor. As a result of the British policy, the Chaga is his own man today, after only twenty years. He has reaped the solid results of this enlightened program on his behalf.

His former masters, the Germans, beat him regularly and saw to it that he owned nothing, while working to the limit of his strength in their behalf. German settlers have entered the Tanganyika territory in appalling numbers since 1925. They make no bones about the Nazi program for Tanganyika, if and whenever. They will place the entire territory under cultivation. Coffee production will soon approach a dizzy peak under their deadly precise scheme of land development in the interest of the Nazi settler, and the back of the Chaga will be permanently bent in toil for the "superior" race then in possession of the mandate.

It is part of the complexity of the problem that the Chagas know their fate in the event that Germany has the upper hand in the war. In the Munich days, Tanganyika was one of the territories which were to be offered to Hitler in an attempt to satisfy his cry for *Lebensraum*. The old men of the race quailed at the prospect, but the young men—not having known what their fathers know—have succumbed to injudicious ambition at the skillful promptings of the Indian agitators. These same Indians are also a bar to the black man's development over a large part of the African continent. The Indian, with his superior educational opportunity and his natural Oriental flair for commerce, forms a "middle" race or bar between the native and the white man, and keeps the former always in the ranks of unskilled labor. From this condition, however, the Chagas of Tanganyika have been protected. They operate their own stores, and may acquire what skills they desire in their own interests and the well-being of the tribe. The forbearance of the British in the face of such provocation speaks well for the quality of the British civil servants in the territory.

The successful continuance of this native co-op may serve, ultimately, to better the condition of Negroes in the United States. The Negro is a natural agriculturist. He has a better chance on the land, working for himself and his family, than in the crowded city, where he must exist in the worst and most overcrowded slum areas, and struggle with employment obstacles.

With the existence of a healthy, thriving co-operative even so far away as the east coast of Africa, the myth can finally be exploded that the Negro is not so competent as the White to carry on his own affairs. One must be extremely prejudiced not to realize that the so-called shiftlessness of the Southern Negro is a product of the climate, poor nutrition, ignorance and poverty. The largest Negro populations of Africa live, not in the low steaming jungles, nor even on sea-level, but on the high plateaus and the heady uplands, where the air is so rarefied that it makes Europeans giddy. The climate of the South has been cruel to the American Negro. He had to adapt himself for his own preservation. It would be of enormous value to him, then, in his struggle for his rights as a man, if he could look to the homeland of his forebears for inspiration and find an answer worked out there that can be followed here at home.

# EUGENISTS IN VIRGINIA BETRAY SCIENCE AND DEMOCRACY

JOHN E. COOGAN, S.J.

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THE recent United States Supreme Court decision invalidating the Oklahoma law providing sterilization for certain habitual criminals, leads us to hope that eugenic sterilization, too, may soon be declared unconstitutional. The Oklahoma punitive sterilization law was declared to fail to meet the requirements of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment in that it favored the white-collar felon. The chicken-thief was to be sterilized, but not the embezzling politician. Are not our eugenic laws equally undemocratic, discriminatory class legislation?

Dr. William McGovern, Professor of Political Science, Northwestern University, has recently said:

The eugenist creed gives strong, even if indirect, support to authoritarianism as opposed to democracy. With the British and American eugenists, living as they do in countries with strong liberal traditions, this opposition to democracy has to be discreet, lest it arouse vehement public opposition to the whole eugenist movement, but however veiled or disguised, this anti-democratic feeling is to be found in nearly all of the eugenist writings.

No one who reads much of the court record of American eugenic sterilization can fail to agree with Dr. McGovern. The decision as to who should be sterilized in the law is a matter so involved and obscure that no defective with funds enough to hire a good lawyer need fear sterilization; and none too poor to pay for such service is safe from the knife.

An instance in point is the famous Carrie Buck case, that in which the constitutionality of eugenic sterilization was first declared by our Supreme Court. (This is the case in which Justice Holmes, rendering the majority decision, declared that "three generations of imbeciles are enough.")

The Virginia law under which an attempt was being made to sterilize Carrie Buck provided for the compulsory sterilization of certain institutionalized defectives, the "probable potential parents of socially inadequate offspring likewise afflicted." Carrie was an eighteen-year-old unmarried mother; she and her mother had been committed to the Virginia State Colony for Epileptics and Feeble-minded. Here, then, were gathered three generations of this sorry family; did they not present evidence of hereditary defect? Was not this unmarried mother the "probable potential parent of socially inadequate offspring"? Here, if ever, the eugenists could have their way.

The prospect for having Carrie declared a sterilizable defective was further improved by her lack

of influential friends or finances. Herself of doubtful paternity, Carrie, at the age of four, had been adopted away from her mother; her adopting parents would offer no obstacle to her sterilization. The trial court would appoint a guardian (his fee not to exceed \$25.00) to look after her interests in the proceedings; but what opposition need be feared from such a State appointee to the State's own effort to sterilize? Carrie's poverty gave assurance, too, that no expert witnesses would be present in her behalf. On the other hand, learned eugenists of national reputation and impressive titles would be present to prove that science was on the side of the sterilizers.

Two such experts, in fact, testified, both from the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. One of them, "Dr. H. H. Laughlin, Assistant Director of the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution," was pleased later to publish a "history and analysis" of the litigation in which he starred; from it we gather these data.

The trial deposition of Dr. Laughlin relates that Carrie was "able to attain to only the sixth grade in school." No Quiz Kid, perhaps, but—feeble-minded? Hereditarily? When the learned doctor confesses that the girl attained the sixth grade despite only five years in school, our doubt of her mental deficiency increases. Carrie was then withdrawn from school and put to housework. When she reached eighteen, those who had failed to provide for her education now wished to sterilize her as mentally inferior; after those long unschooled years in the kitchen they declared her mental age nine years, "according to Stanford Revision of Binet-Simon Test."

But, we are told, "like mother, like daughter"; and was not Carrie's mother herself defective, the first of those "three generations of imbeciles"? What evidence of this does the court record afford? We are there told by Dr. Laughlin that the mother belonged "to the shiftless, ignorant and worthless class of anti-social whites of the South." What chance then had she ever had to develop her mental powers?

But here we are reminded that Carrie's illegitimate child was also feeble-minded. What evidence was offered of the baby's mental defect? Dr. Laughlin testified in person on this matter, but the only evidence his "history and analysis" discloses, despite his zeal to make a case, is that "according to depositions of the Red Cross nurse, Miss Caroline



E. Wilhelm, of Charlottesville, Va., in the proceedings committing Carrie Buck to the State Colony, Carrie Buck's illegitimate baby gave evidence of mental defectiveness at an early age." Only that and nothing more. The casual diagnosis of a nurse; not of a psychiatrist, not of a psychologist, not of a physician of any sort, not even of a horse-and-buggy doctor. What scorn would not a capable attorney engaged by a wealthy father pour upon such evidence. What a commentary on the legal aid given a poor girl when we find such evidence allowed to stand; and this not in Nazi Germany but in an American court-room. To cap the climax we learn from a critical examination of Dr. Laughlin's "history and analysis" that the baby who thus "gave evidence of mental defectiveness at an early age" was in fact not more than a month old at the time. But despite the scant evidence, both the Circuit Court and the State Supreme Court declared Miss Buck a sterilizable defective in the sense of the Virginia law.

Next came the Supreme Court's decision upholding the constitutionality of the law. Nothing had to be said regarding the embarrassing question of fact as to the presence of hereditary mental defect. Miss Buck's State-appointed guardian had been given but \$25.00 for services already running through several years. The eugenics experts, too, of the Carnegie Institution could rest from their labors, satisfied with their service to science. Today, however, the Institution itself seems less than proud of those labors, as it has lately refused to attempt a defense of the testimony of its experts, declaring the Institution itself had "no official relations" with the case. At the suggestion of the Institution, I addressed myself directly to Dr. Laughlin, wishing to do him justice. After nearly two years I am still without a reply.

Indeed, "three generations of imbeciles are enough." Just as truly, the Carrie Buck case is one too many; and we may hope that the present United States Supreme Court will soon be given an opportunity to strike down eugenic sterilization laws as a piece of class legislation, smacking of Nazism, and enforceable only by a callous state against its defenseless poor.

Dr. E. D. Plass, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, University of Iowa, speaks the mind of true science when he declares:

Our knowledge of human genetics has not yet reached the point where it can be proved definitely that so-called eugenic sterilization will materially decrease the proportion of inferior individuals in the population. . . . Those [sterilization] laws which are compulsory have generally been little invoked and have proved to be practically useless.

Is it then any wonder that for reasons of sheer human decency Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, the eminent professor of biology of the University of London, should affirm, "I personally regard compulsory sterilization as a piece of crude Americanism like the complete prohibition of alcoholic beverages. But I look to the common sense of the American people to realize that here, as with prohibition, a mistake has been made." How long shall we continue to suffer from quasi-science?

## CATHOLICS APPRAISE NATION'S MAGAZINES

JOHN F. DANIELS



FINDING that popular American magazines frequently offend by publishing stories and articles out of harmony with standards of Christian culture, irreligious in tone, or vulgar, the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee has already issued two surveys giving examples of the pagan trend in various periodicals. Together with a number of educators, members of the Committee bear witness that these publications often present serious impediment to the growth of the spiritual life of our youth.

Under a nimbus of reflected glamor, our magazine heroes and heroines too often live in a world where sin does not exist. Divorce, taken in stride, is the nostrum of their marital differences. Suicide, high-lighted as a valorous act, is encouraged when disaster looms. Abortion kills the evidence of infidelity and illicit love. Birth-control, soft-pedaled as "planned parenthood," ranks as the fruit of scientific progress. Profanity smartly punctuates their conversation.

The third survey of the UCOPRC cites samples of the irreligious and pagan stream culled from magazines published since the February, 1942, survey. The third survey follows:

*Cosmopolitan* (Circulation 1,850,014). March, April, July, August, 1942. *We Belong Together* presents a plot starred with conjugal infidelities. The wife, who refuses to be promiscuous, suffers from her husband's affair with Venice, a model. "What you're saying," Sarah told him, "is that you're not the first man in her life." His reply: "Venice is too intelligent to 'save' herself for one man alone." The story nears its end with the suicide of a wife whose husband is the prospective father of an illegitimate child. *Until the Day Break*, by Louis Bromfield, is the story of an American fandancer engaged in an illicit affair. In Paris, endeavoring to secure her lover's release from prison, she bargains to become the mistress of a *Gestapo* agent. The serial, *I'll Never Let You Go*, includes a wife's attempted suicide because of a miscarriage and her husband's extra-marital affair. Divorce and new partners for both are promised at the end.

*American Mercury* (Circulation 55,308). February, 1942. *Isadora Duncan*, by Max Eastman. The Church is misrepresented as superstitious: "If wisdom ever conquers superstition, the Church, it seems to me, can only rejoin and consecrate the theatre."

*Good Housekeeping* (Circulation 2,483,223). June. *Mrs. Wilson's Husband Goes for a Swim*. Leading the authorities to believe he is drowned, a man deserts his nagging wife to live with another



woman. *A Clock Striking*. Two girls are in love with Joe. Not able to endure "genteel poverty," but still loving him, Nora jilts him to marry riches. Laurette, hoping to prove her love, maneuvers the married couple into divorce in order that Joe might have Nora, with whom she thinks he is still in love.

*Redbook* (Circulation 1,331,827). March, April, May. *The Hour Before Dawn*, by Somerset Maugham, stages a double tragedy: Having strangled his wife for being a Nazi spy, the pacifist husband further takes the law into his own hands by killing himself; this last on the advice of his brother, Roger, who wishes to uphold "pride of name" and avoid "horror of the publicity that must attend a murder trial." Roger's wife refuses to have children because of the war. *Two Weeks* includes a professional woman's bald dismissal of the moral code in her arrangements to spend a fortnight with an old lover, now father of a family. *The Killer and the Slain*, by Hugh Walpole. Tired of being hectorated since boyhood, a mild-mannered man murders his tormentor: "I had not the slightest feeling of compunction or regret. Tunstall was a bad man." The killer commits suicide.

*Woman's Home Companion* (Circulation 3,607,974). July. *Just Right Parents*. The author of this article disregards freedom of the will in stating: "Modern psychology is . . . proving . . . that the soul never with full consciousness (that is to say with fully conscious choice) does wrong; never chooses to do wrong."

*Look* (Circulation 2,004,110). June 2, June 16, June 30, July 14. A series, entitled *Parenthood, U.S.A.*, with photographic displays, details the aid given parents (stressing indigent parents) in various sections of the country. In camps such as the Okies', venereal diseases, "once prevalent among adult migrants, have been brought under control by strict clinical examination of each new camp member, by the dissemination of birth-control instructions." One picture shows a worker testing materials "in a contraceptive manufacturing laboratory." Accompanying the picture is this information: "It is estimated that U. S. citizens spend \$250,000,000 annually for these supplies, mostly for untested, unreliable devices. Medicine's endorsement of planned parenthood means scientific control of such manufacture; provides, too, the first effective check on the infamous U. S. abortion racket."

*Ladies Home Journal* (Circulation 3,823,236). February, March, April, May, July. *The Heart Has April Too* dramatizes a co-ed college couple in a clandestine affair, the girl seeking an abortion. "I was lucky," she says when the child is lost through miscarriage. *Frenchman's Creek*, by Daphne DuMaurier, reveals a married woman, mother of two children, involved in a love affair with a pirate. *Promise to Forget*. An R.A.F. pilot, contrary to the strong desire of his wife, refuses to let her become a mother. A neuro-psychiatrist is quoted in *Marriage and War*: "And if you do marry, try not to have a child just yet." Another article, *Now is the Time to Have Children*, asserts: "With the

spread of the idea and of the means of controlling conception, parenthood becomes not an accident but a deliberate and voluntary affirmation of faith in this nation's future." A satisfied reader of this magazine writes the editor: "I like my Journal for its high moral tone."

*Atlantic Monthly* (Circulation 106,794). June. *The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle and the Swan*. Subtitle: "Some Notes on Adultery." "How old were you when you first committed adultery?" is the opening query of this essay. The author, confessing herself innocent of guilt, reasons not on moral grounds, but thus: "As it happens, I do not smoke, and for the same reasons: I have never wanted to and my husband . . . likes it better not."

*McCall's* (Circulation 3,287,648). February, June. *Why Be Lonely?* Marion divorces Jonas because she can endure his pranks no longer. Although divorced, they remain in love with each other during most of the story and are on the point of reconciliation when she decides to marry another man, Fred. "I'm sure you won't have any trouble with Jonas," she tells him at the end. Fred's reply: "Oh, he'll be a good sport." *Your Wife Is Waiting, Doctor*. A matron in a university town becomes enamored of Lars, attractive refugee professor, who jars the faculty wives with some startling ideas: ". . . he told us that it is considered perfectly all right for a Norwegian girl to have an affair with a man before she marries him to find out if they're compatible." "Maybe he has something there," Martina says. "It might keep some of us from marrying too hastily when we're young." She finds in Lars "the companionship she had wanted all her adult life," submits to his love-making and resolves upon divorce. Of her children's fate she reflects: "Thousands of children have divorced parents. They get on all right." Lars, however, prefers "friendship" with her in the married state, argues against a divorce and continues his love-making. The Committee reviewer regards this an unhealthy story.

*Mademoiselle*. (Circulation 424,972). January. *Decorating for the Classes*. The unprintable topic of this selection is disgustingly indecent. *Mr. Penny's Vision*. The apparition is pagan and suggestive.

*The American* (Circulation 2,291,758). September. *Afraid of Nothing*. This is the first instalment of a three-part story described as "daring." Disclosed is the private life of a career woman who has no time for marriage. Nor has Sue time to have her illegitimate child; yet, she is "completely satisfied" with her life. Abortion being opposed by her doctor's ethics, he offers an arrangement for the child's adoption by which she may discharge her "debt to society." Sue answers: "We don't agree about that debt . . . I don't think it is one." Her decision is final: "Well . . . at last I know what I'm up against. Dr. Stone is very provincial about a thing like this. In New York everything can be arranged. It's done all the time." She prepares for a trip to the city. Regardless of the trend this story may take in future instalments, a damaging note has been struck in the treatment of a vitally moral issue.

# SHALL BUSINESS SUPPLY POST-WAR JOBS?

JOHN LaFARGE

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IF the year 1943 proves to be the victory year, it will bring in its course a question which already alarms many people in this country. If victory is delayed, the question grows no easier. What answer shall we give to the young men of the armed forces, when they return to civil life and look for jobs—look for a share in the nation's prosperity?

During Christmas week distinguished speakers proposed this question, from widely differing points of view. They gave opposing answers. Some used the question as an opportunity to warn the public and the business world of the dangers of collectivism. Others took the occasion to warn against a recurrence of rugged individualism, with its record of human exploitation sowing the seeds of future wars. It is, to use the Pope's expression in his Christmas Eve address, a "bleeding question," and as such offers a starting point for many a bitter denunciation of things as they are, many a somber forecast of things as they will be. But all the speakers were agreed that the question will be asked, and that if we can give no satisfactory answer, we may have to pay by a revolution.

This is a warning to us, as Catholics and propagandists for a Christian social program, that it is time for us to prepare our own answer.

Such an answer can be drawn from the utterances of our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, who is deeply concerned about just this sort of situation. For the same problem will present itself in every other country that is taking part in the war, and it has presented itself in the past. To this we can add the words of Pope Pius XI.

The Pope does not give an economist's answer, but our *first* need in such a crisis is not a technical solution. Our question is that of discovering the right direction in which to walk without getting mired in the swamp. If we are started right, the technicians can handle the details. The Holy Father stressed this point in his Pentecost message, 1941.

The first item that we notice is the justice of the expected demands. In his letter to the American Bishops (*Sertum Laetitiae*), Pius XII plainly declared "that the goods which were created by God for all men should flow equally to all according to the principles of justice and charity." And he repeated those words in the message referred to. So we cannot dodge the men's claims. No man who comes back from the battle-front should be deprived of a just share in the nation's wealth.

Our next query is about private initiative. Does the Pope believe in it, as a practical way to get God's created goods "to all"? The answer is that he does, following the teaching of his predecessor's *Quadragesimo Anno*. "Free competition," said Pope

Pius XI, is "within certain limits just and productive of good results." There is no ruling out of free competition; there is no ban on private enterprise or private initiative. From which we conclude that if private initiative, in general, produces good results, it will produce these good results in this particular emergency, and that it would be folly for us to do anything which would destroy it.

So the Pope stands in clear opposition to the collectivists, who would abolish all private initiative, all private property. But he stands equally in opposition to the economic individualists.

He maintains man's right to private property, but this property must be distributed as widely as possible. So merely providing the men with "jobs" is not enough. Jobs are needed, and the men have a right to them. But they have a further right to the distribution of the land, which is the most basic form of private property, and to the power to insure their tenure in the job-giving enterprise.

Why have they this right? Because of the very important restriction which the Pope places upon the rule of private enterprise. Said Pius XI: "Free competition . . . cannot be the ruling principle of the economic world. This has been abundantly proved by the consequences that have followed from the free rein given to these dangerous individualistic ideals."

What is this "ruling principle of the economic world?" Its basis was declared to us by Pius XII in his latest Christmas message; it is the "consecration, development and perfection of the human person." This means every human person, not merely a few. Where and how, in the natural order of things, does this "consecration, development and perfection" of all the millions and millions of little human persons take place? Again Pius XII answers: "In the family, that unique cell of the people." So the Pope asks for "space, light and air" for the individual family, the poor man's family, the working man's family. But that "space, light and air" means a share in the productive land of the nation. And it means the poor man's control, by cooperation or collaboration, of the markets or industries upon which family freedom depends.

But neither the job, nor the industry, nor the markets for his produce, nor the land, mean anything, unless the family enjoys also the protection and aid of the State to enable it to cooperate with other families, at home and abroad. The returning men can claim not only opportunity for a home to live in, but a world to live in as well. In today's closed world, none can call his home fully his own, unless the whole world makes that home possible.

Private enterprise has an immense work to do in providing jobs for the men when they return. How much of this burden American business enterprise can take on; how much must be left to public works and cooperative projects, is a matter for sober economists—not politicians or propagandists—to determine. But private enterprise will do its own part best when it is seen as a tool, not a first principle. The finest jobs in creation will be steps to slavery if they are not part and parcel of a transformed social order.



WHEN the President delivered the traditional "State of the Union" message to the New Congress on January 7, it is simple truth to say that everywhere in the world men of good will followed his words with anxious expectation. The success of Mr. Roosevelt's speech can best be expressed by saying that we and our Allies found in it cause for courage and sober hope, whereas our enemies, listening to it, must have experienced only fear and discouragement, and a premonition of bitter things to come.

With obvious, but tempered, satisfaction, the President reviewed the progress of the war during the past year. The Russians had fought valiantly against the full might of the Nazis, had stopped them and were now on the offensive. Rommel had been pushed back, with critical losses, from the approaches to Alexandria, and the Americans and British had landed in French North Africa. The Japanese had been brilliantly checked, especially at Midway, in their desperate gamble to dominate the Pacific. And the battle of the convoy routes, while not without losses, had kept open the lines of supply to all the fighting fronts. The Axis, he said, knew they had to win the war in 1942 or lose it. They did not win it. Meanwhile, the might of the Allied Nations grows from day to day and, although much hard fighting and suffering lie ahead, we have every reason to hope for final victory.

Turning to the home front, the President cited facts and figures to show that we had become, as we pledged we would become, the arsenal of democracy. Without denying that pressure groups of one kind or another had put their selfish interests above the national welfare, Mr. Roosevelt preferred to stress the patriotic devotion of all groups in the country without which we could never have met the "fantastic" production goals set at the beginning of last year. Referring to widespread criticism of bureaucratic regimentation, he reminded his hearers that dislocations and nuisance regulations are an inevitable part of a war-time economy. That mistakes have been made he readily admitted, and promised that these mistakes would be avoided in the future.

With respect to the post-war world, Mr. Roosevelt courageously dissented from those who say that this is no time "to speak of a better America after the war." Men everywhere, he insisted, demand freedom from want and freedom from fear, and that implies both domestic and international security. We must wrestle now with the problem of post-war employment and guarantee security against the hazards of life. And since this objective cannot be pursued independently of the rest of the world, the United States must be prepared, once the war is won, to assume its full share of responsibility for the peace and prosperity of the international community.

Such is the gist of the President's talk. It was the kind of talk we expect from the fighting leader of an embattled people.

## GOODBYE MR. CHIPS

SECRETARY of War Stimson was realistic when he admitted that the present plans for the role of the colleges in the war effort would go far toward destroying, temporarily, liberal education in the United States, adding that, if the war were lost, liberal education would be out of the question anyway.

One by one, we are counting up the toll of cherished things that total war is taking from American life. It would be losing all sense of values to maintain that the loss of liberal education is the most serious; it would be equally superficial to minimize the effect that this sacrifice will have on the intellectual and cultural future of our country.

No one doubts the necessity of the move. The need of the moment is for men with tough bodies and strong nerves; men who can produce and pilot planes; men who can build ships and guns; men who can man and repair tanks; men who can deal out death. But if this war is prolonged, what will happen to the thinking, the culture and the vision of a generation whose mental processes are concentrated exclusively on mechanics and technology? Will they be prepared to be the custodians of liberty and the architects of civilization?

Aerodynamics, marine-engineering, calculus and ballistics are the present necessities of war training. Philosophy, humanities, history and cultural studies must go underground with art treasures and irreplaceable books, but it is to be hoped that the suspension will not be for long and that the small colleges, which apparently have no place in the plans of the Army, Navy and War Manpower Commission, will somehow survive the war.

It may be that education, as we have known it, will never return. There were those who decried it as outmoded and impractical before the war. But, with all its defects, it was the best method of producing a gentleman and a free-man in the traditional understanding of those terms.

We are fighting for a survival of Western Christian civilization. If that tradition is broken by a sufficiently long suspension of education in that culture, the future civilization of our country may be as strange and different as the buried ethos of the Mayans.



## PAROLE

AFTER supervising the capture of an organized gang of criminals in Chicago, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, of the F.B.I., gave an interview to the press. One subject discussed by him was the parole system. His language would shock cloistered ears, but it is refreshing to hear a man, who knows what he is talking about, blast what masquerades in this country as a parole system. All the criminals just taken into custody, he pointed out, were graduates of parole.

Assuming that Mr. Hoover was quoted correctly, he is to be congratulated on his accurate use of the word "graduates." Cut down a criminal's prison term, not once but repeatedly, allow him to engage in crime in the intervals and, before many years have flown, you have a graduate who is an irreformable criminal.

Of course, Mr. Hoover does not condemn the parole system. No one does. But very few can truthfully say much in favor of the system's administration in this country. A system of parole, badly administered, is worse than none at all. It encourages the very evils it is supposed to cure. Like strychnine, the parole system is an excellent remedy in the hands of an expert, but a deadly poison in the hands of a quack.

As long as parole is left to politicians and their associates, it will continue to be a menace rather than a social benefit. In some jurisdictions, the system works well, but these are the exceptions. Perhaps in no State is the financial support sufficient to hold trained men and women, capable of doing good work. Investigators and visitors are too few to ensure careful supervision of prisoners on parole. The penny-wise policy discourages competent workers, and their places are soon taken by amateurs, chosen not for ability, but for willingness to work for a pittance. This type of parole system is always found very useful by politicians, who must throw an occasional crumb from their tables to their faithful retainers.

Our State legislatures have two courses before them. They can give the parole system the funds that it needs, and then insist that all connected with it be chosen by a civil-service examination. Or they can abolish the system. If they decline, on the score of economy, to take the first course, their parole systems will continue to graduate criminals.

## CONGRESS AND DIVORCE

MANY attempts have been made to induce Congress to enact uniform divorce legislation for the whole country. These have failed, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, it would be a task of appalling difficulty to analyze the present divorce laws of the several States, and to frame legislation acceptable in States which, like Nevada, grant divorce for the asking, and in South Carolina where divorce is not recognized. In the next place, to show that the Constitution authorizes Congress to legislate directly on marriage and divorce, would be a task of even more appalling difficulty.

But now that the Supreme Court, in an opinion which Mr. Justice Jackson styles "demoralizing," has imposed Nevada's laxity upon all the States, it becomes evident that some legal barrier against divorce must be built. Otherwise, it is highly probable that to the Reno which already afflicts us, a dozen more centers of public disorder may be added.

It has been suggested that the foundation for this barrier may be found in Article Four of the Constitution. This Article, after providing that full faith and credit shall be given in all the States to "the public acts, records and judicial proceedings" of any State, further provides that "the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effects thereof."

But not since 1790 has Congress moved to use this power. In that year, Congress passed an Act to provide that the laws of a State shall be "proved" or authenticated for recognition by another State, by the signature of its Secretary of State and the official State seal. Judgments and decrees of State Courts are proved by the signature of the clerk and the seal of the Court, accompanied by the certificate of the Judge that the judgment or decree is in due form. As is evident, Congress in 1790 simply prescribed a form and method to be followed, and did not attempt to define what is meant by "judicial proceedings," although the Courts have decided that the term refers to civil suits only. But it is equally evident that not every proceeding which seems to be, and claims to be, "judicial," is in fact, judicial. Under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, citizens have been protected against many a Star Chamber and "kangaroo" court.

The Fourth Article, then, seems to give Congress an authority which it has never exercised. It would appear to empower Congress to define the nature of the "judicial proceedings" to which the States must give full faith and credit, and to describe "the effect thereof." Congress could enact legislation under this Article to put outside the circle of full faith and credit, a decree of divorce granted without personal service of notice upon the defendant. This would make it impossible for a wife or husband to be repudiated without her or his knowledge. Again, Congress could deny full faith and credit to divorce decrees secured by persons

who have no domicile in the State in question, by defining "domicile" to mean residence in the State for one year, for instance, or for such time as is necessary to qualify a voter in that State. This legislation would annul divorce decrees secured by persons who register in an auto court, reside there for six weeks and, on securing the decree, depart for their real domiciles.

Congress is deputed by the Fourth Article of the Constitution to exercise a definite authority. It would seem to follow that Congress may, under this authority, make its own definition of "public acts," "records," and "judicial proceedings," to the end that the real purpose of the Article itself be not frustrated, but fully attained.

That legislation, Federal or State, will greatly decrease the incidence of this social disease, is too much to hope for. Still, Federal legislation of the type here suggested, would wipe Reno and Las Vegas from the map as divorce centers, or, at least, would relieve the other States from the obligation, imposed upon them by the Supreme Court, of protecting bigamous cohabitation.

Spouses tiring of the obligations of marriage could still secure divorces in States of easy virtue. But, unless they established a legitimate domicile, as defined by Congress, in the State of their choice, and submitted their claims to a tribunal which could be properly described as "judicial" in character, they would be obliged to remain there for life. North Carolina, at least, would prosecute them for bigamy should they return to her jurisdiction from their auto-court "domicile" in Reno or Las Vegas

## A NEEDED JOLT

BEFORE complaining about the plan to ration food, it will be well to wait, and find out what it is, and what are its effects. If the effects are not good, the plan can be changed, and to demand that it be changed will be perfectly proper. But if the prospect of a year in which we shall certainly be obliged to cut off delicacies and superfluities is depressing, a meditation on two sets of facts is advisable.

The first set is that, for the last two years, the people of every country in Europe have cheerfully put up with hardships far beyond any which we shall meet. Nowhere have the people had a full well-balanced diet. In most countries, the amount of food barely suffices to keep the population alive.

The second point of this meditation turns on the fact that it will not hurt, but improve, us to get along on less. For years, we Americans have been the most wasteful people in the world. We have thrown away automobiles, refrigerators, radio sets, and every kind of furniture, that could have been repaired for further use. Our kitchens have been conducted on the theory that we have so much food that we can afford to waste it.

We have been living in a fool's paradise. The rationing system will do us all a good turn by bringing us back to our senses. It will give us, as a people, and as individuals, a jolt that is needed.

## THEY INVITED JESUS

THERE was a sound of merriment, as the marriage feast went on. This was a wedding to which Jesus, His Mother, and the Apostles, too, were invited. As we read the Gospel (Saint John ii, 1-11) we can almost see our Blessed Lady going from the kitchen to the room of the wedding feast, and then back to the kitchen again, trying to do everything she could to make the young couple happy by giving them the best feast that had ever been seen in Cana. It was well, too, that she busied herself, for she was the first to notice that the wine had run short. At once, she turns to her Son and, at her asking, He invokes His Omnipotence to work the first of His miracles.

So many reflections occur to us as we look on this Gospel picture that it is hard to choose one rather than another. But it may be mentioned, first of all, that there was a time when non-Catholic controversialists used this Gospel as an attack on Catholic devotion to Our Lady. To give their argument a force that it cannot derive from the Gospel narrative, they were obliged to picture Our Lord as disrespectful, even insolent, to His Mother. Did He not say to her, they argued, "What business is that of yours?" and did He not call her, rather roughly, "woman"?

The answer to each question is, of course, "No." In the language in which Our Lord spoke, the words have a sense which is wholly respectful. Our Lord, kindly and gentle with all, except hypocrites, and those who lead the weak into sin, could not possibly be disrespectful to His own Mother. What happened at the wedding feast was that Our Lord looked up at His Mother, very likely smiling to see her so busy, asked her what she wished Him to do, and at once did it, by changing the water into wine. The real conclusion, which our non-Catholic brethren overlooked, is that since our Lady's intercession with her Divine Son is so powerful, we should ask her to be our Advocate.

But there is another very suggestive text in our Gospel, found in the words, "Now Jesus too was invited to the marriage." He has been invited to many marriages since that far-off day in Cana, for the Church herself invites Him to every truly Catholic wedding. First, she exhorts the young couple to prepare themselves by a good confession, for this great Sacrament of Matrimony must be received in a state of grace. Moreover, when at all possible, she wishes the marriage, for which she has prepared a special ritual, to take place during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. When Catholics follow the Church's teaching, they may be sure that Jesus Himself will be present by His grace at their wedding.

He may perform no miracle for them at the wedding breakfast. But He will give them a more precious boon: He will bestow upon them the graces of which they stand in need for the proper performance of the many and burdensome duties of the married state. What weddings need today is less pomp, and more of the presence of Jesus Christ.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## A CATHOLIC EDITOR OF "PUNCH"

CYRIL CLEMENS

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A YOUNG writer named Burnand, while browsing through a London bookshop, picked up a copy of Saint Augustine's *Confessions*, a book which he had been anxious to read for a long time. He took it home, knowing well from experience that oftentimes in the most unexpected places one found valuable suggestions for articles.

The volume happened to be lying open on his desk when an Anglican Bishop dropped in to see him. Concluding at once that Burnand was "on his way to Rome" like Newman, Faber and Manning, the prelate asked solemnly:

"Have you really considered the step you are about to take?"

"I have considered it very carefully," returned Burnand, thinking that the question related only to some projected, irreverent use which the Bishop apprehended might be made of Saint Augustine's great work.

"Well," continued the ecclesiastic, "come to me tomorrow, and I will show you many reasons against it."

On the following day, the Bishop explained to Burnand the full Anglican position. The latter listened very carefully, apparently much impressed by the cogency of the divine's reasoning.

"I shall now show the weakness of the Roman position," said the Bishop, having concluded his argument in favor of the Establishment.

"Oh, pardon me," exclaimed Burnand, "but doesn't Your Lordship think that Dr. John Henry Newman would be the best man to present the Roman position? You have interested me deeply in a matter about which I confess I have never given any thought. It is a most important affair as I see from your words; and I do not think it would be fair to myself, or to a subject so vital, to decide at once about it. I shall take up the Roman side of the question with Dr. Newman."

Francis Cowley Burnand was born in London, November 29, 1836, the son of James Burnand, a stockbroker, and his wife, Mary Cowley, a descendant of Hannah Cowley, the noted poet and dramatist. After attending Eton College, he went, in 1854, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Extremely interested in dramatics, he founded the Amateur Dramatic Club, popularly known as the A. D. C., the first of its kind at either Oxford or Cambridge.

Leaving the University in two years, he entered Cuddesdon Theological Seminary, where he fell under the influence of the noted Anglican pulpit orator, Henry George Liddell—whose daughter, Alice, incidentally, has been immortalized by Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. About a year later we find him reading for the Bar at Bourdillon's Chambers, London. Throughout his life he practised occasionally.

After becoming interested in Catholicism as described above, he conned Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine* and other works and had long, fruitful conversations with both Newman and Manning. Then, in December, 1858, he formally joined the Church. Infuriated, his bigoted father actually drove him away from home and he had to find shelter with the Oblates of Saint Charles, which had been established just the year before by Cardinal Wiseman with rules drawn up by Father Manning, then provost of the Westminster Metropolitan Chapter. With more picturesqueness than strict accuracy, Mr. Shane Leslie says in his *Cardinal Manning*:

All manner of folk came to him [i.e. Manning]. At one time, the Cantors at Vespers concealed under their cassocks a Colonial Chief Justice, Sir James Marshall, and an Editor of *Punch*, Sir Francis Burnand.

Manning wanted the convert to go on and study for the priesthood, and did not attempt to hide his disappointment when Burnand, feeling the lack of a vocation, directed his talents towards the dramatic field. On account of his early upbringing, the future Cardinal was perhaps slightly prejudiced against the theatre.

The success of his first play, *Dodo*, in 1860, gave him the means to marry that year the lady of his choice, Cecilia Victoria Rawe of London. The happy though brief union was blessed with five sons and two daughters. A year after his wife's death, in 1870, he married for the second time.

In 1861, Burnand assisted his friend, Henry J. Byron, author of a number of popular light dramas, to establish a humorous periodical appropriately called *Fun*. The venture was fairly successful but after a disagreement with Byron in about a year, Burnand began to contribute to *Punch*. His first piece in the famous London weekly which had been founded by Mark Lemon and Henry Mayhew, in

1841, was the burlesque novelette, *Mokeanna or the New Witness*. So popular did this and subsequent contributions prove that, in 1863, Burnand was invited by Editor Lemon to become a member of *Punch's* staff.

Burnand started a weekly column called "Happy Thoughts," which soon outstripped all the other regular features of the periodical in popularity, winning praise from such diverse notables as Father John Henry Newman, Coventry Patmore, Charles Dickens, George Meredith, Anthony Trollope and Father Prout. The weekly pieces, consisting of both prose and verse, were collected and published as a book in 1868. It took fifteen editions to satisfy the delighted British and American publics. There were many easily remembered jingles like the oft-quoted,

It's no matter what you do  
If your heart be only true,  
And his heart was true to Poll.

Several subsequent collections appeared: *More Happy Thoughts* (1871), *Happy Thoughts at Home* (1872), and *Quite at Home* (1890).

Burnand wrote ten or twelve light satirical novels: *Darkest Africa*, *Ride to Khida*, *The Modern Sanford and Merton*—to name but a few—all enjoying a very wide sale, especially when reprinted in cheap paper-bound volumes for the American trade. Beginning with *Dodo*, which had enjoyed a long run when played by the comedian, Charles Young, at the St. James' Theatre, Burnand also turned out over a hundred plays, chiefly burlesque and light comedies, and adaptations from the French. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* gives the number as "about 120," but his self-written account in *Who's Who* says "about a hundred plays."

Nothing to equal Augustin Scribe's four hundred dramas, yet certainly a very creditable number! Among those having the longest runs were *Black-eyed Susan* (1866), burlesquing Douglas Jerrold's famous play of the same name, and *The Colonel* (1881), which satirized most cleverly and effectively the esthetic craze of the period which culminated in the unfortunate Oscar Wilde. He likewise collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan on two light operas and an exceedingly popular musical version of the old farce, *Box and Cox*.

If not exactly destined for immortality—although some of them still hold the boards—all these served the purpose for which they were written: wholesome and delightful amusement with many a kind-hearted, though none the less keen, thrust at contemporary (and perennial) foibles and weaknesses.

In 1880, the inevitable happened and Burnand became editor of *Punch*, succeeding Tom Taylor, familiar to Americans as author of *Our American Cousin*. During Burnand's editorship of twenty-six fruitful years, *Punch* became more Catholic and far less intolerant of the opinions of others than it had been under Lemon's and Taylor's editorships. The magazine discarded for the most part merely trivial jokes to become what it has been ever since—a National Institution read and loved throughout the English-speaking world. And even though

editing what he "modestly" admitted to be the most famous paper in the whole world, he always refused to take either himself or his journal too seriously. One widely quoted saying was in answer to the charge that his beloved *Punch* was not so good as it used to be—"It never was!"

An enthusiastic admirer of Burnand humor was the jovial King Edward the Seventh, who in the earliest Honors' List after his crowning in 1902 made the editor knight-bachelor, the first such recognition to be conferred for work on *Punch*. One of Edward's bedside books was *Happy Thoughts*, and he seldom missed a Burnand play.

Although strongly urged by all to remain, Sir Francis—as we can now call him—insisted upon retiring from his editorship in 1906, handing over the helm to Owen Seaman, author of the inimitable *Paulo-postprandials*, a favorite of the late Cardinal Merry Del Val.

On June 7, 1907, Sir Francis was among the scores of English men-of-letters who tendered Mark Twain a memorable banquet at the Savoy when the American visited England to receive the crowning honor of his life, the Oxford Honorary D.Litt. From the emergence of the *Jumping Frog* in 1867, Burnand had been a devotee of Mark's breezy American humor.

Burnand partially broke his retirement in 1912 to become editor of the *Catholic Who's Who* and the *Catholic Yearbook*. His skillful management made both works eminently successful. During his final years, he retired to a charming house at Ramsgate where he devoted his time to charity, society and long quiet hours in his well-stocked library. That his religion had always been part and parcel of his life is seen in the fact that years before his death he became a daily communicant. The present writer knew a man who remembered seeing Sir Francis attending the first Mass every morning at the Catholic Church at Ramsgate—a truly beautiful edifice built by Augustus Pugin in the 1840's.

Finally he died, on April 21, 1917, aged eighty-one years, fortified by the last rites of the Faith for whose sweet sake he had been driven from home many years before.

His was a long, splendid life that did much to disprove the too-widely held fallacy that wisdom and humor are gifts the good Lord has made incompatible.

Though his place is secure among the great poets, Gerard Manley Hopkins continues to puzzle the critics. Would he have been a better poet, had he not been a Religious? In an authoritative article next week, John Pick, of the English Department of Boston College, will answer that puzzle. Mr. Pick speaks whereof he knows, for he has in preparation a critical biography of the poet, to be issued soon by the Oxford University Press. Next week's article will be, so to speak, a preview of the book.—Literary Editor.



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## MAGNETIC PARALLEL

Blind-flying with a button for an eye  
And in the brain no measurable compass,  
Across monotonous pampas  
Of air, the birds set sail with sensitive wing.  
Touch if you can the string  
Between a tropic twig and a twig on northern sky.

And yet in flight what exquisite precision—  
To fall from the mellowed leaf three thousand miles  
To one magnetic wood in languorous isles;  
To waken again in Spring one only orchard,  
Blest nest-questing nurtured  
By delicate Earth's most delicate decision!

Skimming green land as simply as a stone,  
The birds come safely home to April weather:  
The birds are drawn by every freshening feather  
Across swift distance to their punctual pole . . .  
As you are drawn, my soul,  
By Earth at last to birth-time of your own.

JOHN MAHER MURPHY

## SWITCH ENGINES

Have you ever heard old engines switching in the night?  
A-clanking and complaining in resentment at their  
    plight,  
At the need of locomotion when there's damp upon the  
    track,  
And an engineer's notion sends them shuffling forth and  
    back?  
How they stun the air with static!  
With eloquence rheumatic!  
Soliloquizing starkly in accents thick and black.

Have you ever found old engines resting at their ease?  
Backed against a box car, nursing ancient knees?  
With boiler purring gently, stack between their teeth;  
Puffing sentimental smoke-rings in wreath?  
Oh! they're tasting mellow burley,  
That was aged when earth was early;  
And they drowse and dream of glories, when road-beds  
    rushed beneath.

LOUIS J. SANKER

## SAINT CECILIA'S CRYPT

*(Catacombs of Saint Callixtus, Rome)*

I am no pilgrim on this Appian way.  
Unfettered of each formal-mannered mode  
I am a little child gone out to play  
With sandals twinkling on the cobbled road,  
Skipping along the cypress shadows, free  
From wheels upon the highway hurrying by  
Over the blue campagna to the sea,  
With Rome a muted murmur on the sky.

It is so holy and so hushed a thing  
To leave the sun and slip into the gloom,  
To call, and hear Cecilia answering,  
And find her waiting in this little room  
With gifts—love like a light, pain like a dart,  
And song a luminous weight upon the heart.

SISTER M. THERESE

## TRAGIC IRONY

There is no dereliction in the skies.  
The paths of charging planets and the shine  
Of stars maintain a consummate design.  
The faithful seasons wax and wane, tides rise  
And fall as surely as the light that dies  
At sunset wakes at dawn. The grape yields wine,  
Beast meat, grain bread, bird song, cloud rain, sea brine.  
All these have faltered not in any wise.

One creature only wavers in his course,  
Whose yield should be a common act of praise.  
The one to whom alone is given to see  
That order must have Orderer—life a Source.  
The endowed, the redeemed one, faltering in the haze.  
This is the deep, the tragic irony.

MURRAY PADDACK

## THANATOPSIS

The gentlemen are asked to check their hats  
And we are sorry but the ladies may not bring their  
    dogs.  
Will the man with the cane and the white carnation and  
    the spats kindly step forward? Thank you.  
Thank you very much.

There will not be time for the awards of the Garden  
    Committee.  
Nor for a brief address on "How to Succeed" by the  
    president of the Service League.  
Kindly swallow your chewing-gum and your last names  
    and today's bon mot.  
Please go slowly through the revolving door.

HENRY RAGO

## FOREST NIGHT

I  
Odd, the things one treasures most,  
The lost, the random, the absurd,  
The half perceived, the half unheard—  
A shy cathedral made by shade,  
A brook's one liquid word.

II  
"Night never leaves a forest quite."  
There still are pools of broken light;  
Though pine glades glow like copper fire,  
And falling waters gleam like snow,  
Shadows never wholly go,  
Day is never wholly bright.  
—Moss, possum, serpent, slow,  
All things here wear grave attire:  
Save for the flash of sunned bird's flight  
Night never leaves a forest quite.

III  
Where summer leaves now thickly arc  
And even stars are hid from sight  
The amber lamps of fireflies mark  
Their twinkling city on the night:  
Flash and pass, upon the dark,  
Tower, fortress, parapet—  
(But one must have a child's heart  
To see the joy of it!)

TOM BOGGS

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### HYMNS TO THE CHURCH

The Communist is a man who has seen a vision, the vision of a kingdom on earth. Its essence is in a phrase Our Lady uttered 2,000 years ago:

*He hath put down the mighty from their seat  
And hath exalted the humble.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things:  
And the rich He hath sent empty away.*

Now you cannot meet a vision with arguments, but only with a more splendid vision. And we have one—the vision of a kingdom on earth, a vision of which the Communist's is actually one ray.

It is our tragedy that we have got used to our vision. We see the Church as dusty and a little soiled with earthly polity. We see her through a haze of Popes and Bishops—saintly Popes obscuring our vision almost as much as bad Popes. We scarcely see the Church for her members.

That is what makes Gertrud von le Fort's HYMNS TO THE CHURCH so important. She sees the Church, and she makes us see it as no poet has shown it to us for centuries.

*I have fallen on the law of your faith as on a sharp sword.  
Its sharpness went through my understanding,  
straight through the light of my reason.  
Never again shall I walk under the star of my eyes,  
and on the staff of my strength.*

She sees the living splendour of the Church, for the Church is Christ living in His members.

*But strength still goes out from your thorns  
and from your abysses the sound of music.  
Your shadows lies on my heart like roses and  
your nights are like strong wine.  
I will love you even when my love of you is ended.  
I will desire you even when I desire you no more. . .  
Where my feet refuse to take me, there will I kneel down.  
And where my hands fail me, there I will fold them.*

She sees the powers of this world pathetic in their littleness:

*You throw nations down before you that you may save them:  
You bid them rise up that they may work their salvation.  
See, their boundaries are like a well of shadow in your sight  
and the roar of their hate is like laughter,  
The clash of their weapons is like tinkling glass  
and their victories are as tapers in small chambers.*

She sees the scattered truths of mankind, and the Church able to complete even those truths which know nothing of her:

*All the wisdom of man has been learned from you.  
You are the hidden writing under all their signs.  
You are the hidden current in the depths of their waters.  
You are the secret power of their enduring.*

Nor is her vision only of power and majesty: the Church speaks to her children on another note:

*He has come over me as buds come on a spray,  
He has sprung forth in me like roses on the hedgerows.  
I bloom in the red-thorn of His love, I bloom  
in all my branches in the purple of His gifts.  
I bloom with fiery tongues, I bloom with flaming  
fulfilment, I bloom out of the Holy Spirit of God.*

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## BOOKS

### NEIGHBOR TO THE NORTH

CANADA TODAY AND TOMORROW. By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown and Co. \$3

CANADA, the half-continent that rests above us, has long remained somewhat remote from the daily cogitations of the United States citizen. However, the war has edged the two countries with their undefended border closer in many ways.

Since the United States citizen will inevitably find Canada woven more and more into his thoughts, Mr. Chamberlin's sympathetic picture of our northern neighbors is a timely contribution. In successive chapters he spreads out the map of Canada—slightly larger than the United States—bringing us across the country from the Maritime Provinces to lush British Columbia. One gains a feeling of admiration for a nation which can activate such a terrific expanse, maintain a standard of living equivalent to the United States', establish a nearly perfect parallel with its southern neighbor in everything from large cities to small farms—all this with a population scarcely larger than that of New York State.

On the geographical and historical foundation, Mr. Chamberlin develops the social and political trends of Canada in a warm and precise way, dealing with people rather than theories. The picture is filled in with chapters on industry, the war effort, the future, bringing out the various points of contact with the U. S.

He has handled the conscription question with an outline of the background which puts matters in their proper light, and the more general problem of English-speaking and French-speaking coordination with a friendly and factual outlook towards both sides which gives his work real merit. However, in discussing possible solutions, he sets a value upon unified public education, presumably non-religious, which cannot be so readily acquiesced in by Catholics for whom religious training remains an essential part of true education.

On the other hand, he wisely stresses singleness of purpose and the sense of a common national destiny as being perhaps the most salient factor in future close-knit unity, which is certainly not impossible, as is shown by Switzerland's successful unity incorporating diverse religions, races and languages. With allowance for a non-Catholic outlook, necessarily somewhat mythical, no matter how well meaning, when dealing with Catholic matters, this is an instructive and interesting book.

P. H. CONWAY

### WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE

A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA. IV: THE WAY OF LIFE.

By Walter Farrell, O.P. Sheed and Ward. \$3.75

EVERY so often, in reading a modern book on democracy, liberalism, or what not, one finds himself suddenly pulled up (if he is a Christian) by the bracketing of "Socrates, Confucius and Jesus" as patrons of the author's ideas. Or if it is not Socrates and Confucius, it may be Buddha and Marcus Aurelius. The whole nature and purpose of Christ's life is ignored. Yet the center and heart of Christianity is that Christ was God made Man (quite a different thing, you will notice, from "man becoming Divine") and died to redeem us from our sins. He did not come to bring us merely inspiration to higher things, but to produce a real, physical change in us. And he did this, not by His life, but by His death.

This is the tone that runs through Father Farrell's book. With Saint Thomas, he refuses to let his heart run away with his head. With Saint Thomas, he may



raise his head into the clouds of Divine mystery; but his feet are always on the firm ground of dogma and reason. Christ, our Way of Life: that is his theme. Here is the ineffable contact of the infinite Divine Life with the limitations of human life. And with Christ there have come to us all good things. His Immaculate Mother has been given us as our Mother; the Sacraments follow every step of our lives.

As a companion, Father Farrell is hard to beat. Reading his book, you have the feeling that he is slipping his arm through yours, and expounding Divine truths with a gentle good-nature, as you pace some leisurely cloister. There is little sense of effort, yet there is no sacrifice of the strong rational structure of Saint Thomas' thought. A homely example is thrown in to shed light on a metaphysical profundity; like the flustered young father peering through the glass window at the hospital, struggling with the mystery of nature and personality among the newborn babies. Yet again, the style can rise to dignity and beauty, as in the chapter on the Mother of God, or the discussion of the "goods of matrimony."

Father Farrell has received the annual award of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors for this book—a choice beyond cavil or criticism. CHARLES KEENAN

## CATHOLIC SIGNER'S LIFE

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. By Ellen Hart Smith. Harvard University Press. \$3.75

"WHO are deserving of immortality?" Charles Carroll asked in his thoughtful old age, deprecating some elaborate verses a rising poetess had sent him. "They who serve God in truth, and they who have rendered great, essential and disinterested benefits to their country." Carroll did all of that, and his country has repaid him by being vague about who he was and what he did.

This is the first original-source biography since Kate Mason Rowland's two-volume work in 1898. All things considered, it is a notable achievement. It is Miss Smith's first book, and she is a Protestant; but it is the sort of book that Carroll himself would have liked. It is charming and mellow and witty, combining rare writing ability and a first-rate knowledge and employment of documentary material. Miss Smith regards her subject as the most interesting and, in certain ways, the most outstanding of the patriots of his day. She has written this book "in a pleasant missionary glow."

Throughout his long life of ninety-five years, Carroll always wanted independence and a free country. First a member of various patriotic committees, then Commissioner to Canada, a delegate to the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of his own Maryland Assembly and Senate, and later a member of the United States Senate, Carroll served his country with superb ability and complete devotion. He was always magnificently consistent in what he believed and wanted and fought for; satisfied to stay in the background and do the work while others got the credit. He was that rarest of all human accidents, a born politician who was completely free from personal political ambition.

Yet with all his many admirable qualities, Carroll was not a plaster saint. He was an indifferent husband, an unsuccessful father and a fairly consistent money-grubber. He retired from politics a discouraged and an embittered man, feeling that he had worked hard and accomplished very nearly nothing. None of the Presidents after Washington met with his approval. Indeed, he predicted that the Union would terminate if Jefferson should continue President for eight years. In short, Charles Carroll was human; and it is as a person, rather than a statesman, Catholic or Founding Father, that Miss Smith presents him to us in this impartial and well-rounded study of the First Citizen.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

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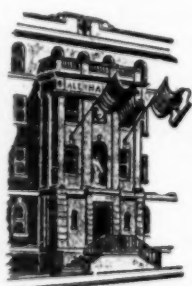
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SHELTER WITHOUT WALLS. By Ann Ritner, M. S.  
Mill Co. \$2.50

THIS is the story of the Bannister family, Easterners, transplanted to a small Western town, and surviving the change with complete Boston poise and humor. Henry Bannister, a brilliant lawyer, tries to build a shelter around his family, shielding them from life, protecting them from their mistakes, and insuring them, mentally and physically, against an uncertain future.

The reactions of his three daughters, beautiful, neurotic Beatrice, even-tempered, romantic Abby, and loving, loyal Constance, to this policy; their various love-affairs, which are taken completely out of his hands; the gradual emergence of their individual characteristics, absorb us from the first, but spell tragedy for their father, who finds after a lifetime of struggle that "there are not walls high enough or wide enough to protect those he loved."

The background of a small Western university town is well pictured, and in this background is the inevitable self-made millionaire, with the usual, spoiled, over-indulged only son. His contempt for education and educators, his struggle to dictate the policies of the university through sheer weight of money, which bring him into frequent conflict with Henry Bannister, the school president, are stereotyped, and add little to the book. However, in the background also, is Dr. Raymond Bannister, the president's brother, by far the most lovable and appealing character. He gives the story balance and humor, and is really the salt without which it would not have much savor. It is a good book, but not a great one.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

WARNING TO THE WEST. By Shridharani. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50

HERE is an eloquent and timely appeal by an Oriental to the Western nations, especially Anglo-Saxon, to relinquish political and economic domination of Asiatic countries now come of age, India in particular, in order not only to avert an eventual "titanic struggle" between East and West, but also to secure the full cooperation of all Asians for the cause of the United Nations. The presentation is lively and engaging, and must be read by everyone interested in the broader implications of the present conflict. The intrusion, however, of explosive feelings and threats does not enhance the force of the warning.

The reader will encounter, here and there, some strange reasoning, self-contradictions and factual errors, due probably to the author's desire to prove his point at all costs. This should not detract from the valuable information and discussion on subjects of topical interest, for instance, Asians' conception of a "New World-Order," India's attitude to China and Japan, the Tagore-Noguchi correspondence about the "China incident," the various aspects of the little-advertised Indian problem and the true causes of the failure of Cripps' mission.

Warning to the West may well turn out to be a best-seller, like the author's *My India*, *My America*, published last year.

LOURDU M. YEDDANAPALLI

HORSELESS BUGGY. By Kathrine MacGlashan. Little, Brown and Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$2

THIS novel is a saga of the vehicle which profoundly altered the lives of an entire family at the turn of the century. Before its advent, the Morrison family was just another comfortable family in a typical little town called Lakeville—a family made up of Gavin and Margaret Morrison and their three daughters and Uncle Davie, who was everlastingly tinkering with his engine in the basement.

Gavin and Uncle Davie were successful bicycle manufacturers, but Uncle read the handwriting on the wall and decided to risk their profits by inventing a horseless carriage. One bright sunny day the contraption rolled out into the streets of Lakeville with daughters Belle and Ellen decorating the upholstery. The townspeople were quick to appreciate feminine pulchritude, but slow to approve of this latest aberration of Uncle



Davie and jeered at them to get a horse. But Uncle was undaunted, looked around for more capital for further expansion and found it in the conservative pillar of Lakeville, Banker Sawyer. The Morrisons were riding the crest of the wave of prosperity when suddenly their new business was almost dynamited by foreclosure from the bank. Again Uncle overrides this obstacle and the Morrisons finally emerge as the town's most solid citizens.

Kathrine MacGlashan is fully capable of writing a novel about the horseless carriage, since she was born into a family who were pioneer automobile manufacturers in the first decade of this century. Her novel is simple but very close to the deep realities of life which have become so complex.

FRANCIS GRIFFIN

ADVENTURE SOUTH. By Sullivan C. Richardson. Arnold-Powers, Inc. \$3.50

THIS book is a splendid document of the life of today. Three Detroiters set out for Cape Horn by automobile, as the Pan-American Highway Expedition. For nine months they drive, covering 15,745 miles, to the southernmost town in our hemisphere, Magellanes, Chile. The first motorists ever to complete the journey, they take their car over every mile of the land, road or no road, except for the three actually impossible gaps.

The entire feat is in itself remarkable, and the husky young men deserve the fame given them by the press of the country. More to the point is the report of what they saw and heard. Excellent photographs, and an inside-cover map, chart their tour in direction and experiences. The narrative makes a straightforward factual picture of this journey of discovery. And even though two or three of the journal entries may appear, if taken alone, to be tall stories, in reality they form a genuine part of this conquest of large space, difficult terrain and unusual people.

High-lighting the entire account is the meeting of North American and Latin American. The three travelers put every ounce of their energy into the drive, but they could not have completed it without receiving marked assistance along the way. When they reached the end of the road in Magellanes, the Chilean citizenry entertained them in a "cultural gathering," from which Richardson broadcast these significant words:

After nine months of effort we have succeeded in doing what wise men in North America said fools could never do. We have succeeded only because of the magnificent cooperation, friendliness and sympathy of our Latin-American neighbors. We of the Expedition like Latin America. We are sorry we have to mistreat your language so, but if you can stand it, we promise to do better the next time we come. We are taking back to North America a story and pictures which we hope will help our countrymen to appreciate the culture, the loyalty, the patriotism and the fine graciousness that is Latin America.

On the journey, they encountered every type from presidents and diplomats to jungle natives. Though they do not say it, the travelers conducted themselves as ambassadors of friendship. At every turn the Latin Americans pulled them out of the canyons and bogs of accident or lack of understanding, and they did it with the good grace of the Samaritan. These men, their book, their trip, and the great highway which they pioneered, are forging a link of fellowship throughout the Americas. To read their story is a liberal education.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

PIERRE H. CONWAY, O.P., residing in Montreal, will be remembered for his article (November 14) on *Life's* picture of French Canada.

CHARLES KEENAN, S.J., Staff member, taught philosophy at Seattle College.

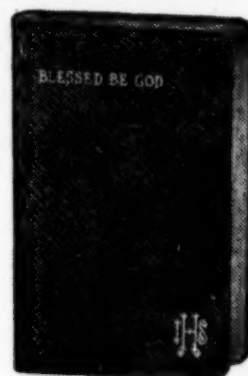
LOURDU M. YEDDANAPALLI, S.J., is a native of India, in this country to pursue higher studies.

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ON the staircase leading to the Twentieth Century Portrait Exhibition now at the Museum of Modern Art, you are confronted with a large, disturbing canvas by Marc Chagall. In placing it there, Mr. Monroe Wheeler, who is responsible for arranging the show, undoubtedly expected it to establish a mood for viewing the portraits. It does this very successfully and prepares one for the more esoteric paintings by Picasso, Gris and others, in which popular notions of portrait representation are considerably jarred. It also accentuates the contrast offered by the fine Renoir paintings and the more conventional naturalism of other exhibition items.

The Chagall portrait is of the artist and his wife. His art, like that of many painters who are called modern, is essentially one of ideas, and it can only be appreciated when we replace the normal desire for purely natural resemblances with an intellectual-esthetic response to the artist's idea.

Of course, such an idea may, or may not, appeal to one. In this picture the artist is shown poised on his wife's shoulders. As they obviously are not acrobats, this may disquiet persons who find the relative positions of husband and wife too unconventional. The idea, and the esthetic treatment involved with it, are very compelling, for the picture is a tribute to the painter's wife. In it he announces to the world his consciousness of his debt to her for her support in his effort to maintain a high plane in his art. Like all art of ideas, this picture is symbolic, and symbolism begets a curious type of opposition and resentment, although it should find understanding among Catholics.

The Exhibition itself is a demonstration of the showmanship that is usual to the Museum of Modern Art, and whatever view one may have of the artistic value of their displays, no one can accuse them of being dull. This is so much a fact that one wit suggested that the name be changed to the Museum for advertising Modern Art.

This show, like others held there, makes a clever use of contrasts. Portraiture offered unusual opportunities in this regard, as the Museum was able to assemble and group a number of portraits of celebrities, who had been painted by different artists of known rank. Often these are accompanied by photographs of the persons and portrait busts. Of these last, the ones by Desplau are particularly fine. This grouping of portraits of one person by different artists is entertaining and, to use a much maligned word, is instructive for what it reveals of different aspects of the personages, as well as variations created by the temperament and talent of the painters.

While mere cleverness in painting is not entirely absent from this exhibition, it would be unfortunate if one went to it expecting to find examples of fashionable portrait painting. Despite the inclusion of a Sargent, and a portrait by Boldini, it is not that kind of show. As it is practised, the fashionable type of portraiture is not a very important thing. We are all probably familiar with it, for few have escaped having their attention called to a glorified and falsified representation of some friend, or member of their family. That type of painting is very close to being a racket, and the stock in trade of its adepts is an ability to make very ordinary business men look like captains of industry and benevolent ecclesiastics like worldly prelates out of the Renaissance period.

The Modern Museum exhibition is a splendid corrective for this conception of falsified portraiture, which is one that appears to be predicated on a "collar-ad" ideal. The exhibition, furthermore, is a stimulating and successful offering with a great deal of definite artistic interest in it.

BARRY BYRNE



# THEATRE

**THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.** The Theatre Guild people have another success, and the friends who have followed them from the beginning of their project are again rejoicing. As one of these, I am especially glad to testify that the new play at the Guild Theatre, *The Russian People*, written by Konstantin Simonov and revised by Clifford Odets, is worthy of the traditions of its producers. It is not a perfect play, but aside from its discursiveness it is admirably written. It is also well directed and acted, it is highly dramatic, and it is as clean as it is interesting. To produce a play in these days for which all this can be honestly claimed is an achievement worthy of the Theatre Guild.

*The Russian People* is a play of the moment, and there is little in Russia at this moment but the superb and winning fight the Russians are waging against the invading German army. The new offering has all the elements of big drama—a great theme, a fine contest, pathos, humor and tragedy in turn, often jostling one another. There is little love interest but, after the first act, almost continuous dramatic action. We see only a bit of the fighting, but the situations suggest the whole vital contest; and between the acts we hear Russian war songs which keep us steeped in the spirit of the production.

The story is not unfamiliar. We are following a single army detachment, cut off from its comrades and making a desperate fight for life. Its officers are its captain and his chief aid, a former Czarist officer. The girl the captain loves is his best scout. There is a Russian mayor in a nearby town who is a traitor and of whom we have some depressing glimpses. There is the old mother of the captain who is hanged for her loyalty to her country, but we don't see that; and there is a Nazi officer whose malignity chills one's blood. There are several spies and there is much intrigue. We are shown some German headquarters, with the girl scout captured and in deadly danger there, but eventually rescued by her lover. All these people and many others make a big cast, each of its members turning in an excellent job of work.

Luther Adler, long a favorite of Theatre Guild audiences, has the part of an heroic surgeon who does not let his heroism destroy his sense of humor. Leon Ames is a convincing Russian captain, after he gets used to the part and the audience gets used to him. Eleonora Mendelssohn, one of the best of New York's Jewish actresses, is admirable as the wife who has no illusions about her coward husband. Elizabeth Fraser is fine as the girl who nearly dies for her country. Victor Varconi brings the old-time Czarist officer to vivid life, and Rudolph Anders makes the part of the particularly repellent German officer almost too convincing. E. A. Krumschmidt is capital in the role of the traitor. There seem to be half a dozen Russians in the cast, but perhaps they are really good Americans.

**FAREWELLS.** Three plays have recently left us, one of which I mourn. This is *Cry Havoc*, briefly presented as *Proof Thro' the Night*. It was a fine drama, superbly acted, but there is no doubt that it was intensely depressing to have the entire cast killed off at the finish. Probably this wholesale slaughter killed the play as well. But those nurses were certainly ideal types!

*Flare Path* was a pretty good aviation play. It probably owed its brief life to the fact that up till the final act the heroine could not decide which of two men she really loved. Most of us are so sure of ourselves in such matters that we couldn't sympathize very deeply with all the indecision.

*Sweet Charity* deserved its swift eclipse.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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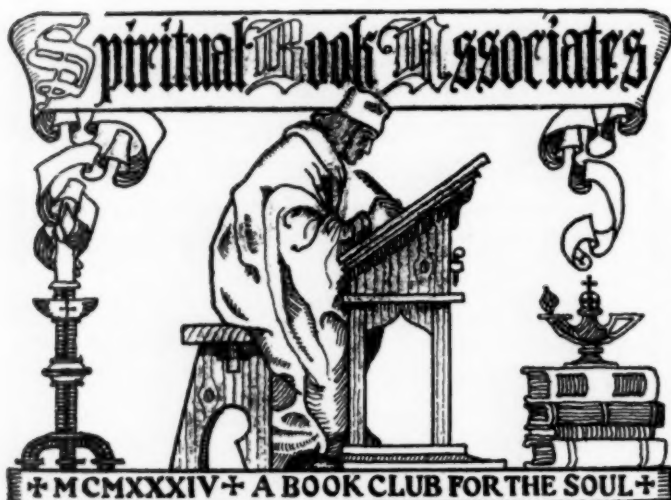
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## FILMS

**THE COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN.** Against the somber backdrop of World War II, this film paints a memorable, vivid picture of the Nazis' attempted subversion of Norway. The stories of individuals, pathetic, romantic and human bits about men and women and children, are interwoven, but it is the agonies of a nation that capture and focus attention. Though this is not a documentary film, its authenticity has been more than adequately taken care of. John Farrow, remembered for his magnificent work in *Wake Island*, directed. With the cooperation of Canada's Government, Canadian Commandos, under actual training, portray a raid that furnishes a climax rarely equalled on celluloid. Paul Muni depicts the mild-mannered Norwegian villager who is forced to forgo his peaceful ways and indulge in violence after he discovers the real intent of the invading Germans. Escaping to England, he reveals valuable information and guides the Commandos in the thrilling attack of the finale. Lillian Gish, Anna Lee and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are other principals in the very capable cast. Maybe the action at the start of the picture will seem slow; however, it rolls along with such increasing momentum that the earlier static pace is soon forgotten. Here is striking, realistic material, worthy of the whole family's patronage. (Columbia)

**STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM.** If its producers had been more concerned about ingredients and less interested in introducing every star on the company's roster, this offering might measure up to its title. Unfortunately, suggestive scenes, dialog and costumes dim the would-be brilliant screen constellation and tarnish the entertainment qualities. The story is an innocuous melange about a studio gateman who pretends to his sailor son that he is a motion-picture executive. Victor Moore does a comical job as the father who is trapped into bringing every important actor on Paramount's pay-roll to San Pedro to entertain the Navy. Songs and dances and skits by box-office headliners abound, enough to satisfy even the most avid moviegoer. Too bad that the whole thing was not chlorinated and then it might dazzle without being objectionable. (Paramount)

**TIME TO KILL.** Lloyd Nolan brings that familiar private detective, Michael Shayne, to life in a new crime wave. As always, the resourceful sleuth rides roughshod over police or any others who interfere with his investigations and manages to pick up valuable information and no little amount of romance en route. A trio of killings occur after Shayne accepts a case involving the location of a valuable coin for a cantankerous, elderly widow. Blackmail rears its ugly head in the proceedings but nothing daunts the irrepressible detective and so the fadeout finds everything satisfactorily solved. Mr. Nolan seems to enjoy himself completely, even when he is in the midst of rather gruesome affairs, and those adults who follow this series will probably have a good time with him. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**TARZAN TRIUMPHS.** Though a new company is sponsoring Tarzan, this episode bears all the ear-marks of the original stories. You can take it or leave it as has been your wont in the past. No doubt it was inevitable that Tarzan would get mixed up with the war, and so it happens here. Single-handedly and with his own peculiar methods, the apeman wipes out the Axis hordes in their attempts to invade the darkest regions of Africa. Johnny Weissmuller has his well known role, John Sheffield appears as the boy, Frances Gifford plays the only feminine part in this story. Any member of the family who can tolerate Tarzan's gurglings and antics will find entertainment here. (RKO)

MARY SHERIDAN



# CORRESPONDENCE

## PRESS RELATIONS

EDITOR: Father Holub's strong appeal for increased Catholic activity in the field of "Letters to the Editor" undoubtedly will rouse many Catholics from their easy-chairs and induce them to type or pen their protests against bigotry and misstatements in the press. Too many of us read with lax minds. Too many recognize untruthful sentences about our religion, but feel that "it will be taken up by someone else, anyway." Every Catholic should be a volunteer fireman, ready to smother the flame of anti-Catholic thought. More, he should set himself to detect the incendiary.

Father Holub is, perhaps, unaware of the work of the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, begun five years ago by Rev. John A. Toomey, S.J., which ferrets out errors in papers and magazines tending to misrepresent Catholic thought; stories and articles of pagan taint; popular literature of immoral and unmoral nature. Members of the Committee, Catholic laymen and laywomen, write to editors and publishers; frequently interview them; and have published two surveys which revealed dangers to the public's moral health, as well as attacks against the Church, in popular magazines. The UCOPRC meets in New York and has a branch group in Philadelphia.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN F. DANIELS

## THE CHURCH IN TOMORROW'S WORLD

EDITOR: If war had to come to this country (I have long believed that we had no real choice in the matter once it started), it came, I think, in the way it did, most fortunately for us all. In no other way could we have so swiftly and so completely buried our isolationist-interventionist differences and achieved a complete unity of purpose. The price we paid for that was high, but not too high for what we have secured.

We are not yet in sight of the end, but we know that the end is foreordained, and we are beginning to think of the task which will confront us when the end comes and we are faced with the battered remains of what was once a great—the greatest—civilization. As to the position of the Catholic Church in the "World of Tomorrow," the first consideration, from which, indeed, the others logically flow, is this: We Catholics alone know the *whole* etiology of the present crisis, its roots and its character; we alone have the master-key that unlocks *all* the doors of interpretation. For us it is a very simple problem, for it turns upon one simple fact. That fact is that the civilization which is now fighting for its life, is fighting because it has tried to live without the soul that gave it life. Man has tried to banish from His universe the God Who gave it that soul, and the universe has risen in revolt against man as against a usurper. In this the instruments are furnished by the Prince of Evil, the eternal enemy of order. He has exploited to the full the opportunities that man has given him, man's strength as well as man's weakness. He has overlooked nothing, neglected nothing, but he has made one fatal mistake—as he always does. That was the blunder of grasping at too much. His agents went one step too far and in so doing evoked the one force in man that is stronger than all the forces they could bring against it—man's ultimate determination to be *free*. In all man's forgetfulness of God, in all his apostasy from God, there yet remained in him this one last mark of his divine origin. In formally, definitely, openly challenging that determination, Satan has doomed his instru-

ments to destruction—which, by the way, is always their fate.

So far so good. But now we must look below the surface of the unity in which we, happily, are living. When we do, we find that there remains the age-old conflict between the Church and the "World"—*Ecclesia contra mundum*. In nothing has the war affected that conflict; it cuts under all other "unities" and "differences" for it concerns the ultimate realities.

A clear duty confronts us Catholics more imperatively than at any time in our generation. That is the duty of knowing the Church's *mind* as thoroughly as possible. Only in the light of that knowledge can we know the meaning underlying men and measures, and in the light of that meaning form our judgment, and lay our courses. There may not be much that we can do to shape events, but it is imperative that at least we understand them, and do what we can to shape them. We all are supposed to know our catechism: the Church's mind is only the full content of that catechism. It is because both at the end rest upon *theology*, that theology should be an integral part of Catholic correction from bottom to top. To be, as the late Father George Bull once said we were, Catholic in creed but pagan in culture is not to be *Catholic*.

The Church, for all the discreet respect professed for it in these days by the world around it, and for all the present unity amongst us in the matter of the war, faces a long uphill fight in the years that are ahead. We know that she will live after all else has passed away, but it should be our business to put into the fight a *trained* army; and thus shorten the time of catacomb-conflict, and siege-defense. We have a tremendous advantage over the "world" for we know what the matter is, and the "world" does not. We should make that advantage work at all points of the line. Remembering that after all ignorance and not malice is at the root of much of the "world's" hostility toward us, it is our first business to remove that ignorance; to do that successfully *oportet nos sentire cum Ecclesia* (We must think with the Church), as St. Ignatius Loyola would surely tell us if he were here today.

New York, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

## TIMELY ADVICE

EDITOR: The magazine *Time* has announced Stalin to be its choice for "the man of the year." It is to be hoped that this choice will not mean further propaganda for the cause of Communism. Fortunately, the magazine article on Stalin is quite sane, as has been *Time's* recent treatment of the Russian situation. The Russian people have done gallant work in their fight against the Nazi aggressors, but common sense demands that this resistance be not allowed to advance the cause of Communism or to bring about adulation for Stalin, one of the bloodiest tyrants of all time.

Buffalo, N. Y.

REV. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, S.J.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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# PARADE

WAR-TIME designs for living exhibited some new twists. . . . A Colorado man first purchased four tires, then shopped around for a car that would fit them. . . . In Texas, a rat ate thirteen gasoline-rationing coupons. The owner of the former coupons killed the rat, took it to the courthouse, feeling that the rationing board sitting there might not believe him without a post-mortem examination of the rodent. The board was satisfied with his affidavit and replaced the precious coupons. . . . In Indiana, a veteran of World War I, after witnessing a parade of soldiers, decided to take a look at his old uniform. In it he found a letter he was supposed to mail in 1918. He mailed it last week. . . . California co-eds got up a dance for Army men and decorated their boarding house with greenery. They did not know the greenery was poison ivy, until the day after the dance.

Shortly after World War I ended, a man, with his wife and daughter, began occupying a two-room suite in a New York hotel. . . . The daughter at the time was seventeen years old. . . . In 1919, the man died. . . . During the twenty-four years which have rolled on since then, the two women have not once left their hotel rooms. . . . The only person to see them during that long period of time is the maid who cleaned the suite. . . . For their meals, the women slipped orders under the door. . . . The required dishes were then placed in the corridor outside. . . . No waiter ever caught even a passing glimpse of the women. . . . Neither did the restaurant manager, who remarked: "I've been serving food to those rooms for years. I'd give a 100-dollar bill to get a look at those people." . . . There was no radio in the suite, the maid reports, and the women had no desire whatsoever to know what was happening in the great world outside the two rooms. . . . During the twenty-four years the mother and daughter spent immured in the suite, one of the most eventful periods in all human history erupted all around them. . . . Nations rose and fell; whole peoples were enchained; vast armies battled over most of the world's continents—but the two women, in the circumscribed, two-room, make-believe world of their own, lived as though these things were not occurring. . . . And then, a few weeks ago, the hotel was ordered demolished and mother and daughter were plunged suddenly into the world of reality. . . . Many of the newspapers thought the story so strange they played it up with front-page banner headlines.

A still stranger phenomenon is going on all around the world, a phenomenon toward which the newspapers are stone-blind. . . . Not two persons in one place, but untold millions all over the earth are living walled in from a far more important reality than that which the two women shut out. . . . The women excluded the passing affairs of time; the millions are excluding the everlasting affairs of eternity. . . . In comparison with the limitless universe, this globe on which we live is much smaller than was the two-room suite in relation to the earth. . . . Yet millions upon millions of people are living as though this "two-room" world of ours were all that existed. . . . They move about in this tiny "suite," the earth, utterly indifferent to the spiritual universe which surrounds them. . . . Not even curious concerning that universe, they dial out the only "radio" broadcasting authentic "news" of the eternal verities—the Catholic Church—and live as though these eternal verities did not exist. . . . But not for long. . . . The day eventually arrives when their shut-in, make-believe world collapses, as did the hotel of the women. . . . Then, catapulted into the Great Beyond, they come face-to-face with reality for the first time—the reality they ignored in their "two-room suite." JOHN A. TOOMBY



# THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR DECEMBER

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

*Family That Overtook Christ—Raymond*  
*Song of Bernadette—Werfel*  
*Pageant of the Popes—Farrow*  
*Pack Rat—Kelley*  
*Mass of Brother Michel—Kent*  
*Great Modern Catholic Short Stories—Mariella*  
*Rig for Church—Maguire*  
*Across a World—Conside*  
*Companion to the Summa, Vol. IV—Farrell*  
*Judgment of Nations—Dawson*

These first ten are followed this month by *The Rose Unpetaled*—Morteville, *The House on Humility Street*—Doherty and *The Man Who Got Even with God*—Raymond, each with 8 votes; *Dogsled Apostles*—Savage, with 7 and *The World's Great Catholic Literature*—Shuster, with 6. The holiday season accounts for the late appearance of this month's Book Log. We hope you missed it.

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Detroit—E. J. McDewitt Co.										
Detroit—Van Antwerp Cath. Library										
Hartford—Catholic Library										
Holyoke, Mass.—Catholic Library										
Los Angeles—C. F. Horan Co.										
Louisville, Ky.—Rogers Ch. Goods Co.										
Milwaukee—Holy Rosary Library										
Minneapolis—Catholic Gift Shop										
New Bedford, Mass.—Keating's Bk. H.										
New Orleans—The Catholic Bookstore										
New York—Bensinger Bros.										
New York—The Catholic Book Club										
New York—Chesteron Bookshop										
New York—Guild Bookshop										
New York—P. J. Kennedy and Sons										
New York—Fr. Pustet Co.										
Okahoma City—St. Thos. More Bk. S.										
Philadelphia—Peter Reilly Co.										
Portland—Catholic Book & Ch. Supply										
Providence—The Marlon Bookshop										
Rochester—E. Trant Churchgoods										
St. Louis—B. Herder Book Co.										
St. Paul—E. M. Lohman Co.										
San Antonio—Louis E. Barber Co.										
San Francisco—The O'Connor Co.										
Scranton—Diocesan Guild Studio										
Seattle—The Kauter Co.										
Washington—Catholic Library										
Westminster, Md.—Newman Bookshop										
Wichita—Cath. Rental Library										
Williamington—Diocesan Library										
Winimipeg, Can.—F. J. Tonkin Co.										
TOTALS	8	12	13	15	16	19	21	26	35	35

With Dawson's and Farrell's books maintaining their place in the ten best, it is evident that the Book Log reflects that Catholics like good straight thinking with their reading.

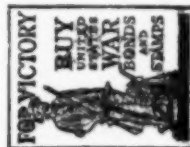


**70 East 45th Street**

The Book Log gets a little accolade in the issue of TIME for January 4. The comment, on Werfel's aim in writing *Bernadette*, says just about what AMERICA's review of the book said.

**THE AMERICA PRESS**

**New York, N. Y.**



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